

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## BOSTON HYMN.

The following is the hymn written by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and read at the great Emancipation meeting in Boston, on 1 Jan.

THE word of the Lord by night  
To the watching pilgrims came,  
As they sat by the sea-side,  
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said,—I am tired of kings,  
I suffer them no more;  
Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball  
A field of havoc and war,  
Where tyrants great and tyrants small  
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom,  
Choose him to be your king;  
He shall cut pathways east and west,  
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land  
Which I hid of old time in the West,  
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,  
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia the rocks  
Which dip their foot in the seas  
And soar to the air-borne flocks  
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods,  
Call in the wretch and slave:  
None shall rule but the humble,  
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,  
No lineage counted great:  
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen  
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,  
And trim the straightest boughs;  
Cut down trees in the forest,  
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,  
The young men and the sires,  
The digger in the harvest-fields,  
Hireling, and him that hires.

And here in a pine state-house  
They shall choose men to rule  
In every needful faculty,  
In church and state and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men  
Can govern the land and sea,  
And make just laws below the sun,  
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;  
'Tis nobleness to serve;  
Help them who cannot help again;  
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,  
And I unchain the slave:  
Free be his heart and hand henceforth  
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature  
His proper good to flow:  
So much as he is and doeth,  
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying his hands on another  
To coin his labor and sweat,  
He goes in pawn to his victim  
For eternal years in debt.

Pay ransom to the owner,  
And fill the bag to the brim.  
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,  
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,  
And honor, O South! for his shame!  
Nevada! coin thy golden crags  
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race  
That sat in darkness long—  
Be swift their feet as antelopes,  
And as behemoth strong.

Come East and West and North,  
By races, as snow-flakes,  
And carry my purpose forth,  
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,  
For, in daylight or in dark,  
My thunderbolt has eyes to see  
His way home to the mark.

Atlantic Monthly.

## DELAROCHE'S PICTURE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

FAIR and fearless, sad and stately, discrowned  
Queen, so queenly yet,  
Awing half the bloody rabble for their fiercest  
triumph met.

Royal arms down drooping quiet on the dingy  
prison dress,—

Royal forehead showing steadfast 'neath the  
sorrow-silvered tress.

Wolfish eyes are glaring round her, hatred hisses  
insult coarse:

She will neither faint nor falter, yielding to the  
torrent's force.

Austria's daughter, France's lady, pleads not to  
that common throng:

She will trust to Time and Heaven to avenge  
her bitter wrong.

On the cheek no flush of terror—on the lip no  
sobbing breath,

In her calm, contemptuous patience, pacing  
queenly to her death.

Something in her eye has power even that toss-  
ing sea to stem;

None of all those clenching fingers dare to touch  
her garment's hem.

Oh, the mighty spell of genius! after all these  
troubled years.

At the touch of the enchanter the old drama  
claims our tears,

And the fair proud face shines purely, through a  
century's reproach,

Telling truth for future ages by the hand of  
Delarocche.

—Once a Week.

SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

From The Spectator.

# UNIVERSITY INTELLECTUAL CHARACTERISTICS.

LORD BACON has told us that one of the most valuable additions to true historical literature would be supplied by a constant series of *characters*.

These characters in Bacon's opinion belong to professions and institutions no less than to individuals; and in a continuous series of them, executed by competent hands, we might have valuable materials for such systems of sociology and ethology as Mr. Mill has shadowed out with a kind of prophetic obscurity—so far as they will ever be attainable by man.

It is admitted, in a rough and general way, that there are such distinctive characteristics chiselled into the very substance of men's natures in after life by the social and intellectual training of our several universities. This is felt especially by those persons whose station requires them to pass rapid and decisive judgments upon the characters of men, and in doing so to draw largely upon certain practical generalizations assumed as axioms. The great lawyer, the statesman, the dignified ecclesiastic, has pretty generally his own view of the kind of man likely to be formed by a particular university. An eminent prelate, now deceased, is said almost to have written over the portals of Fulham, "No Dublin man need apply." Among legal men a pretty general prejudice existed against Oxford up to a few years ago. At the present moment the veteran statesman, himself of Cambridge and Edinburgh, who knows public life so thoroughly, is supposed to consider an Oxford man, *ceteris paribus*, rather more likely to succeed in Parliament or diplomacy.

An attempt to bring together some obvious enough characteristics, moral and intellectual, of the greater universities—Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin—may not be without interest and utility. The task might not have been very difficult in the last century. Two representations have been given of university life at that period, one by Bishop Lowth, of excessive brightness; another by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, of repulsive blackness. Perhaps both were true from different point of views; but we fear that the master of Tunbridge School drew more from the life than the professor of poetry. Put-

ting together our information from many quarters (such as "Gibbon's Autobiographies," "Gray's Letters," and "Swift's Life,") we should be inclined to say that Oxford was the most ignorant and bigoted, Cambridge the most drunken and brutal, Dublin the best instructed, yet most savage. At Oxford they drank most port wine, at Cambridge most ale, at Dublin most spirits; at Oxford most bishop, at Cambridge most egg-flip, at Dublin most hot punch. At Oxford a vice-chancellor is said to have been unable to walk in the presence of royalty, when it honored the university with a sudden visit, and we hear of fellows of Magdalen eating and drinking in disgusting rivalry until their stomachs touched the high table! At Cambridge dinner began at twelve o'clock, and drinking at two, with no particular time of cessation. At Dublin the fun seems to have been livelier, and the fighting more ferocious. Even then a few eminent men were always absorbing the better elements latent in the universities. At Cambridge Waterland pursued his theological studies with intensity of purpose and singleness of aim; the poet Gray is the central figure in a group of elegant scholars; Kirke White, the pure and gentle, was reading himself into his grave at a period when Oxford philosophy was represented by two questions in the first part of Aldrich, and Oxford scholarship by such an examination as Lord Eldon has reported. At Oxford, Adam Smith and Southey seem to have been unhappy; but Bishops Horne, Lowth, and Heber, Lord Eldon, and Jones, have spoken well of the place of their education. We are inclined to suppose that Dublin, during this period of darkness, must have been far in advance of her sisters. The fellows and scholars of that university always numbered a succession of eminent men in Church and State. The generous spirit of competition was never extinct, without which a university must soon become a pestilential moral swamp. The names of Berkely and Burke are the most conspicuous; but they by no means stand alone upon the roll of Trinity College.

The beginning of the present century was distinguished by a marked revival of the academic spirit, especially at Oxford. Dr. Cyril Jackson first, afterwards a number of enlightened men, arranged the class-list system. In so doing, with true English tact,

they brought about "no solution of continuity." They accepted the standard of intellectual training which had been traditional in Oxford since the Reformation, and which was accepted without question by all the superior minds in the place. Logic, the Aristotelian ethics, ancient history and politics, a knowledge, rather elegant and intelligent than critical, of the Greek and Latin poets, become the actual, as it had long been the ideal, standard of Oxford teaching.

It will readily be seen that this system accounts for much in the subsequent history of Oxford. Such a course as this, narrow indeed, but admirable in its very narrowness, must create a habit of free thought. A man might have mastered it with exquisite thoroughness, and yet be grossly ignorant in the modern sense of the word. Yet he must have been strong in all his ignorance, ignorant perhaps of facts, but with a mind full of thought and principles. It will be remembered that this recognized current of academical education met with another current of traditional thought—the Anglican Church spirit. The air that blows over Magdalen Tower, as Sir Walter Scott says, has never been favorable to the growth of Puritanism. The Church movement at Oxford has been attributed to we know not what underhand Jesuitism. We rather believe that Newmanism was the birthday of philosophy at Oxford.

It is not ours to tread further upon this delicate ground. It is for stronger and subtler pens, in years that are still future, to trace the records of that new Port Royal in an opposite direction to its prototype, of which Dr. Pusey was the Jansen and Saint Cyran, Manning the Arnauld, and Newman—we were nearly saying—the Pascal. By the will of a king the plowshare was passed over the old Port Royal; by the will of a people, or rather, of God, the plowshare seems destined to pass, in a different sense, over the system which our sturdy Protestantism has been taught to identify with Rome. But history, always just, if always cold, will tell, in the one case, as in the other, of lofty spirits given to God with no grudging devotion; of minds which, from severe self-inspection, learned the secret of an ethical subtlety and refinement unmatched in modern times; of ambition, which might, in some instances, have carried no common

power to no common elevation; but which, in pure love of Christ, stooped to the school and the penitentiary, waiting through all misrepresentation and unpopularity—frowned upon by authority, and hissed alike by the vulgar and the free, for the impartial judgment of the day which is not man's. We have been carried at once beyond our strength and beyond our intentions. We must rapidly pass from causes to effects—from general principles to particular results.

The Oxford man of a few years ago was, as we all know, mediæval, romantic, sometimes Romanizing. If in orders, he restored and ritualized until he brought his parish about his ears. He was so ultra-conservative that Toryism stank in his nostrils, so ultra-orthodox that Mant and D'Oyly, King George the Third and the Protestant religion, were as much hated as the heretics of whom he read in Hooker and St. Augustine, and more despised. There is a wine of the sherry family, on which, when kept in an open cask, a sort of rosy film appears, and forms into buttons of vegetation, which, after twenty-four hours, disappear, but leave behind them a delicate and peculiar flavor. Something like this has been the intellectual influence of Newmanism on many of the best Oxford minds. It has passed away, but it has left a certain fine and indescribable *flavor* behind it. The restorer of churches would no longer go to the stake for a surplice or a leetern. He still loves the chastened splendor and the decent solemnity of the English cathedral. The constant reader, it may be the occasional writer in the *British Critic*, the *Christian Remembrancer*, and the *English Churchman* has learned that Protestantism is something more than a *caput mortuum* of negation—that it has certain imperishable elements of spiritual life. The young lawyer or senator, to whom Spain or the Roman States looked something like the ideal of a Catholic theocracy, and Scotland something like the valley of the shadow of death, has since, perhaps, spoken his burning words for Italian freedom, and listened with pleasure to the eloquence of a Presbyterian divine. The *Guardian* of to-day is much like the best of the papers which, ten years ago, it would have denounced as latitudinarian. Still stranger change! The *quondam* idolator of Laud and Charles the First has become a Liberal—almost a Radical. A good



deal of this may be due to Oxford impressibility. Oxford is the very Bethel of hero-worship; Newman first, then Gladstone, has been her idol for a quarter of a century. She is slow in admiring, but when she does, her admiration soon passes into superstition.

The Oxonian of fifteen or twenty years ago looked forward, in most instances, to a curacy and pupils. If rich, he had ideals which were constantly blossoming into Gothic brick and mortar—a church, a college, a school, a penitentiary. Heaven only knows how much talent and self-devotion has been hidden under the close waistcoat of many who have passed from a first and a fellowship to a country living. At the present day the bar, India, Australia, the diplomatic service, the House of Commons, the counting-house, even the farm and the ship, are gaining more from Oxford than the Church can attract. According to Voltaire's terrible epigram, the Holy Roman empire was neither holy nor Roman, nor yet an empire. Similarly the Oxford theological school is not theological nor Oxonian, and least of all a school. It is simply non-existent. And of the two great "schools of the English Church"—(formerly and justly so called)—one has now not much more to do with the Church directly, however much indirectly, than Eton has to do with the Horse Guards.

Cambridge, so much more traditionally Liberal than Oxford, as Macaulay has taken care to point out, is now decidedly more conservative. Its traditions were not theological, though it numbered Barrow and Waterland, Taylor and Bramhall, among its sons. But Laud and the non-jurors, Butler again, Jones of Nayland, Dr. Johnson ("respectable and insupportable," as a French writer most falsely calls him), Mant, Van Milant, Howley, Routh, the mild orthodoxy and quiet learning of the better English clergy, were decidedly Oxonian. Contemporary Oxford has no theologians like Goodwin, Hardwick, Trench, and several others of Cambridge. Mr. Mansel and the clever young prelate who is now Archbishop of York are rather thinkers and speculators than divines properly so called. Mr. Mansel knows more of Aristotle and Kant than of biblical criticism or patristic learning, and Archbishop Thomson's Bampton lectures do not evince much acquaintance with any English theologian but Magee, or with any "fa-

ther" but St. Anselm, and that only in a single treatise.

The best characteristics of the respective universities on their strong side seem to us to be as follows. If a young man aspires to be a man of science or a mathematician, he will of course seek Dublin or Cambridge. If his talent is for minute criticism of the classics, Cambridge must once more bear the palm. If he desires to know moral science extensively, he will enter Dublin; if analytically, at Cambridge; if synthetically, at Oxford. If he would prepare for a public examination, we have little doubt that Dublin would pay him best. To develop the faculties harmoniously, to give subtlety of thought and elegance of expression, to bestow at once classical form, logical acuteness, and ethical refinement, is the glory of Oxford. For a clergyman, Cambridge or even Dublin is now to be preferred. For a lawyer, all three are perhaps equally good. For a tutor, or schoolmaster, simply as a general "grinder" or "coach," Dublin is unrivalled. For a man of letters, Oxford is slightly in advance of Cambridge, and much before Dublin. For a statesman Oxford is the best school of the three.

Each university has also a weaker side. An Oxford man is not rarely "viewy," sentimental, conceited, and unpractical—at the mercy of extreme theories, like the unhappy knights-errant who have followed Newman and Comte. He may be ignorant of elementary mathematics, and incapable of understanding the Newtonian system. A Cambridge graduate is not seldom sharp, self-sufficient, and narrow. A Dublin man is pretty frequently provincial in thought as well as accent, given to what English young men call "bumptiousness," and peculiarly liable to accessions of political and religious fanaticism. The Oxford man at his worst is a prim and conceited *dilettante*,—at his best, a large and liberal thinker. The Cambridge man at his worst exhibits stupid contemptuousness or algebraical pedantry,—at his best he is a cyclopædic scholar like Whewell, a highly cultivated gentleman like Herschel, a finished writer like Trench. The Dublin man at his worst is a vulgar preacher or a bigoted anti-Maynooth agitator; but the good specimens of Dublin education are of first-rate excellence. Oxford and Cambridge would be proud of thinkers like Archer Butler, of writers like Bishop Fitzgerald, of lawyers like Cairns, of orators like Whiteside and Plunket.

From The London Review.  
MARRIAGE CARDS.

ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty, excepting, perhaps, clergymen, who can be hardly expected to do it, if they can get anybody else to do it for them; but it has never been said that England expects every woman to do her duty; nor does it appear to be known whether Britannia could conscientiously say, that she did expect it, or whether she was ever impartially zealous upon the subject. The time has come, however, for clearing up the doubt. If fugitive symptoms are to be deemed of much importance, a large and highly respected branch of the feminine sex seems almost inclined to give way. The bridesmaids of England have an onerous and a high office to fulfil; and it should be their endeavor to discharge its serious duties without swerving or shrinking from responsibilities. Any indications of a feeling of dissatisfaction or disorganization on this part of our social system are of themselves a species of misfortune. Vague disquiet and unrest among the outlying nationalities of the Continent come to us as familiar phenomena, and we are able to bear up accordingly. The Epirote provinces, men say, perhaps, are at it again. There has been a rising of the tribes in the Caucasus, or the ladies of the Sultan's harem, in a sudden burst of domestic disappointment, have murdered those who are their legal and natural guardians. To such Continental rumors and turmoils the country is accustomed, and it can bear them with Christian equanimity. But a rebellious spirit among bridesmaids is a new and overwhelming catastrophe, and comes from a quarter where all, it was thought, was peace. It has long been clear that something was in the wind. At last open signs of the disaffection have shown themselves in the marriage column of the *Times*, in the shape of a dropping fire of announcements of "No cards." When the first announcement of "No cards" was brought home forcibly to the mind of some friend of the family, who may have belonged to the old school, as he sat after dinner with the paper at his club, it is more than probable that it produced upon him that peculiar old gentleman's feeling of the end of all things being indeed at hand, which is wont suddenly to overcome us when we hear that Tom (just home for the holidays from Eton)

has been smoking a cheroot in the drawing-room, or that Tom's elder brother, who is a puppy in the Guards, has five different kinds of umbrellas for five different kinds of rainy days. Arabella and Fitzsimmons, married at St. George's, Hanover Square, with eighteen bridesmaids in white silk dresses trimmed with swansdown, and a bishop to bestow his blessing on the bride in a voice broken with emotion—and yet "no cards"! This is another of those monstrous innovations which are to be expected from a generation which has no reverence for tradition, or for its elders, or for the decencies of society, and which is inbred with the most latitudinarian and revolutionary ideas. This comes of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, and what is called the march of intellect. It was to be expected; yes, it was to be expected. It is only another proof that the flood-gates of radicalism are opened and that the landmarks of society are about to be removed. Such may, no doubt, have been the sentiment of the old family friend, called forth in a sudden flash of anger and astonishment, and who can say that they were not such as would do honor to his head and to his heart?

If everybody who married belonged to one little coterie, which knew when a marriage was on the *tapis*, and in which no marriage ever altered the social relations of the "high contracting" parties, marriage cards might be of no especial use. This, however, is not the case. The English world of gentlemen and ladies is a wide one, and is by no means confined to that little world which meets itself nightly at the one most fashionable ball of London. Scotland is not too far to marry into Cornwall. Buckinghamshire would make very little of going through the wedding ceremony with York. Welsh heiresses, unlike Welsh mutton, are a resource bestowed impartially by a kind Providence on all parts of this favored realm alike. A flying golden bridge connects Belgravia and the Hampstead Road. Mayfair has been known to unite itself to Clapham with much apparent satisfaction to itself. How is it possible that marriage cards can cease to be a necessity when such is the state of the social world? Few people belong to a set of gods and goddesses, all of whom are universally known; all of whom are on an equality; and all of whom intermarry only among themselves.

Most Englishmen and Englishwomen of the upper classes have numberless friends and acquaintances in all quarters of the world, who are not likely to hear for a certainty of the great event, and who, when they do hear of it, are glad to be personally informed that the great event changes nothing in old friendships, and that not even on account of new ties is old acquaintance to be forgot. To such as these the absence of marriage cards makes a considerable difference. It is a cold and uninteresting piece of news to learn through the medium of a newspaper gazette that a schoolfellow of one's youth has married out in India. It becomes a very different affair when the white envelope with the whiter cards, tied by the well-known silver cord, appears after its long journey from the other hemisphere upon your breakfast table. Old recollections laid aside for many years are revived; rusty friendships burnished up into warmer and brighter ones; and Brown from Richmond, in return for a white card, sends back a loving wish to Jones upon the Ganges. In theory the wedding-card is particularly well-timed, because it is at a moment of great and absorbing interest to ourselves that it is most important to make our friends feel that we are not too absorbed to think of them. In practice, it is convenient as a means of continuing or dropping an acquaintance. There may be people whom the husband is not desirous of introducing to his wife, or there may be people whose acquaintance the husband does not care to make for himself, and wishes his wife to drop. It is right that every man at the time of his marriage should have this opportunity of selecting his own and his wife's friends afresh, for without it the news will be certainly known to all who are concerned about the bride and bridegroom. This innovation comes from that graceful and ingenious sex which believes that the marriage column is read, next to the Bible, by all classes of the population with perennial vigor. An announcement appearing in the literary gynæceum of the *Times* is as good, we have no doubt, as a notice to all Englishwomen. Unfortunately this is one part of the *Times* which men do not so assiduously prefer at breakfast-time. The idea of making it legal notice to all mankind emanated from no masculine brain. *Dux famina facti*. If it emanated (as it must have emanated) from a woman, we are

obliged to lay the fault on those whose privilege and tearful pleasure it is to deck the victim for the sacrifice, and to despatch afterwards to all who know her the card containing the information of her fate.

The time for despatching the marriage cards has hitherto been understood to be during the dull afternoon that follows the departure of the wedding-guests. We hope and trust that it is not from any unjustifiable feeling as to the exercise or fatigues of a wedding-day that the bridesmaids feel a disinclination to discharge the additional yet simple duty. Nothing could be plainer than that the fatigues of the day do not fall on them. Got up in rich lace or tulle regardless of expense, they occupy a cool and spacious place during the ceremony; and are not crowded into an uncomfortable position among the collective hats of the assembly upon the pulpit steps. They arrive at breakfast fresh and vigorous, not jaded with the incessant toil of protecting one's own hat, and not treading on the rest; a toil to be performed under the exhausting mask of devout attention to the service, and an emotion of sympathy for the performers. Their breakfast is for them a gala hour, instead of pointing to a vista of nightmare and unrest. Their young constitutions now, doubtless, stand drinking champagne and eating all kinds of soups and *entrées* at an hour at which nature stands aghast. They do not feel feebly buffeted, and driven by circumstances over which they have no control, from one glass to another, till agitated at once by the sentiments of the hour, and by the unusual and precocious supply of feverish beverages, they find themselves, when the afternoon is not half begun, in a state of maudlin indigestion. They are not forced to tire themselves out by keeping up a show of gushing sympathy for the united company, which no serious-minded Englishman could possibly consent to feel, if he were not driven half wild by the champagne and the speechifying, both getting into his head together. Then, again, let them look at what men have to go through when they leave the house! What is a man to do at three o'clock in the afternoon, after the agitation and the repletion to which he has been exposed? He cannot walk, for his head is aching with the scene; and he is too sleepy to read; and he cannot bear the noise of the street; and he wants fresh air and to

be let alone. A gloomy cloud prevents him from looking forward to any dinner with even moderate patience. His day is ended prematurely before the evening has begun. He has nowhere to go to, and nothing he cares for in the world that he is fit to do. If any bridesmaid is inclined to repine or to fancy the day has been less pleasant than it might have been, she has only to think of what others have thought it right to suffer, and her lot will presently appear a light one.

At any rate, cheerfulness and industry are the best recipe for feminine discontent. The process of directing and despatching the wedding-cards is the best that is possible for raising the spirits which have been depressed by the gloomy affair of the morning. It is, of course, possible that it is not to save trouble that the abuse of dispensing with this process has crept in. Every family in the world has a certain number of what may be called amphibious friends; that is to say, friends whom one is always wishing at the bottom of the sea, and who ought to be at the bottom of the sea, but who are still always turning up on dry land. The horrid question is whether or no the amphibious friend shall have cards. To send cards to others and not to him, is to slap him smartly and distinctly on the face. To send him cards is more than human nature can endure. The obvious, but unworthy solution of the

difficulty, is to send nobody any cards at all; by which means the amphibious friend is neither insulted nor encouraged. If the "no cards" system be invented to meet this social obstacle, it is still an objectionable one, for the very reason that it leaves the amphibious friend where he was, and does not better matters. It would not make him much worse or more objectionable to go through the ceremony of acknowledging his existence, and the other alternative might have the effect of driving him straight to the water, and thus putting, pleasantly and mercifully, an end to his amphibious character. On all grounds, then, we should wish respectfully, but firmly, that this movement among the bridesmaids should be suppressed. Wedding-cards ought to be spared. If it were not impolitic to suppose that a bridesmaid could understand a dead language, one might employ the words of the poet—*perituris parcite chartis*; but we have no intention, in disputing against fair opponents, to be so unwise as to allow our case to rest upon its pure logical merits. It may be of some service to suggest that suppressing one part of a ceremony is only one step to suppressing another. To-day it is a *coup d'état* against wedding-cards. To-morrow it may—who does not shudder at the thought?—be a *coup d'état* directed against bridesmaids!

**MONSIEUR JACK KETCH, HOMME DE LETTRES.**—The French are great devourers of *Mémoires*, we are well aware, but we little suspected that their taste would ever sink so low as to devour *Les Mémoires de Mons. Sanson*. The Sansons have held in France the hereditary post of public executioner for ages past. Long before the Reign of Terror, the Calcraft of France was represented by a Sanson. It would seem, however, that business has lately been so bad—the stereotyped tag of *circonstances atténuantes* which a French jury almost invariably appends to its verdict, even in the most flagrant cases has robbed the executioner of so many of his dread perquisites—that the family has in despair been compelled to send in its resignation. Distress has driven the Sansons to adopt as their motto "Live and let Live;" and hence, by way

of eking out a living, the publication of these revolting memoirs. At one time we had our Newgate school of literature that made heroes of thieves and highwaymen. In the like manner, it would seem that the literature of France, after frequenting the lowest of low haunts, and revelling in every possible profligacy and vice has at last gone to the gallows. It has received its final *coup de grâce* from the guillotine. Does it not appear only a just gradation, and fit termination, in scaling the ladder of immorality, that writers like Dumas fils and the authors of *Fanny* and *Madame de Bovary*, should be succeeded by a Sanson? It is the crowning degradation. The last act of justice that Mons. Sanson, before retiring from office, should have performed, ought to have been to burn his own *Mémoires*.—*Punch*.



From The Spectator.

## A ROBINSON CRUSOE PAINTER. \*

MR. HAMERTON has in these volumes made a very interesting contribution to the somewhat slender stock of artist literature. The narration of his adventures in search of the beautiful, and the means by which he was enabled to paint from nature on the wildest moors of Lancashire and the Scottish Highlands, in all weathers and at all seasons of the year, may be read with amusement, not unaccompanied with profit, by those who care to know anything of the manner and spirit in which some of our modern landscape painters "go to nature." It was in the autumn of 1856 that the author determined "to put in execution plans of study whose full development would require several years." As a preparatory exercise, he resolves to encamp on the Boulsworth moors "to study heather." For this purpose he contrives a portable wooden hut, composed of panels, capable of being carried separately and united by iron bolts. On each of the four sides of this hut there is a window of plate-glass. The wooden floor, raised some inches from the ground, is carpeted, and the arched roof is covered with waterproof canvas. What cooking the author has to do is performed by means of two spirit lamps, and a hammock, which can be easily rolled up, and suspended against one of the walls of the hut by day, furnishes the sleeping accommodation. Matters being finally arranged, the painter camps on a vast moor, on the frontier line of Lancashire and Yorkshire. On the second night there comes a violent storm of wind and rain, but the hut, beyond leaking a little, answers admirably, and in a very brief time the author becomes perfectly settled down in his new mode of life, though he occasionally bewails his inexperience in cooking, and deploras the fatal necessity of "washing up" the utensils after a meal. Of course, an individual leading this species of life, and having no occupation that the provincial mind can comprehend, must expect to hear some strange rumors concerning himself. Mr. Hamerton was looked on by suspicious gamekeepers as a poacher—the farmers ask him "what he hawks?"

\* *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art.* By Phillip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "The Isles of Loch Awe." 2 vols. Macmillan and Co. 1862.

Drovers visit his hut in the vain hope that it may turn out to be a novel species of dram-shop, the women suppose him to be a teller of fortunes, and the children fancy him the proprietor of a travelling menagerie. The humor of this position does not seem to strike Mr. Hamerton so much as the fact that he loses caste in the popular estimate, that the rough peasantry treat him with insolence, and consider that, as he is independent of assistance and cooks for himself, he is therefore no gentleman! This is doubtless a sad state of things; but matters become worse when the country people give their opinions on art subjects. It is currently believed that the painter is land-surveying, or, as they express it in the north, "mappin;" but he is considered a very slow hand. He has been wasting a month over a few square yards of a mountain which could have been surveyed in its entirety in a week by men in the adjacent towns; and as for painting, there are plenty of painters who could paint all the wood-work of a farmhouse in a fourth of the time that this one has spent on a yard of canvas! In his solitude, Mr. Hamerton did not lack for visitors, and occasionally these were by no means welcome. One night he was awakened by a loud yell close to the door of his hut, followed by a great deal of strong language. The author sat up in his hammock, and grasping his revolver, waited in silent expectation of an attack. But none followed, the gentleman, whoever he might be, contented himself with cursing in a hearty and vigorous manner until he was tired, and then went grumbling away, leaving the purport and object of his midnight call forever a matter of mystery. The occupant of the hut was apprehensive of a visit from the poachers or "night hunters," as they are there called, a set of determined reckless blackguards, who go in gangs, well armed and disguised, and commit with impunity all sorts of lawless outrages. But fortunately the idea of molesting the painter never entered their heads. By daytime visitors were so numerous as to cause the wish that the place was yet more lonely. The hut was the centre of attraction for miles round—an old woman made a pilgrimage of seven miles to get a glimpse of the hermit painter. Lovers made assignations by the hut, and on Sundays it was surrounded



by crowds of fifty and sixty, who peeped through the windows, and thought themselves well rewarded if they could catch sight of any part of the author's dress or person. Tired at length of these uninvited guests, and having to answer the same questions twenty times a day, the author hit upon a plan of always answering in French—a course which he found attended by the happiest results, and which must have proved a new source of wonderment to the benighted of those regions. Having finished the picture he intended to paint, and being generally satisfied with this experimental trial of camp life, Mr. Hamerton resolves to start for the Highlands. Previously, however, he has two "lifeboats" made on a plan of his own, a hint borrowed from models of the South Sea canoes in the Louvre. The arrangement consists in elongated tubes of galvanized iron, with watertight compartments. Each tube has its rudder—the two rudders being connected with a rod—on the tubes is laid the deck, roomy and steady, so as to allow of a table, easel, or chair being placed on it. The larger of these double boats carries a lateen sail. All things being ready, and having engaged a shepherd lad, who used to "bring the milk" to the hut on the moor, as servant, and packed the boats, the hut, and two additional tents, the author arrives at Loch Awe, and establishes his encampment on a large uninhabited island in the midst of the most picturesque part of the loch, from which can be seen Kilchurn Castle, Ben Cruachan, Ben Anea, and the Pass of Awe. This island, Inishail by name, was formerly occupied by a convent of Cistercian nuns. The ruins of the chapel are yet to be seen, and the people of the neighborhood still bring their dead to be interred here. In this green and quiet isle the painter and his man "Thursday" take up their abode. There is the hut for the master, a square tent with a cooking stove in it for the man, and an old *Crimean* bell tent to serve as a kitchen and storehouse. In the bay the "*Britannia*" rides at anchor, and the "Conway" is drawn up on the sandy shore of the island. But we cannot follow further in detail the fortunes of our author, but must pass rapidly over his account of how he endeavored, by the aid of numerous thrashings, to teach "Thursday" English, instead

of the horrible *patois* of mingled Lancashire and Yorkshire dialects which that inestimable servant (who always took his chastisement in good part) was accustomed to employ—or how the weather was so hot after a while as to make work next to impossible, and bathing eight times a day and smoking endless cigars the only available occupations—or how the author makes the acquaintance of two mysterious individuals, one with a long beard, and dressed in a Highland coat, French *sabots*, and always smoking a long meerschaum; and the other a swarthy youth, with long black hair; who fish all night on the loch in a tiny boat, and eat a breakfast which would shame even Captain Dalgetty. Nor can we do more than hint how the author and these two personages, being regarded as madmen by the tourists, conspire to frighten the latter by dressing up in outlandish costumes, and rowing after them to the martial strains of a cornet-a-piston. The first volume contains numerous moving incidents by flood and field that will be found thoroughly readable and entertaining. There is an account, among other things, of a voyage on the lochs with the "*Britannia*"—of the painter's little farm on the peninsula of Innistray, which he established as a kind of *dépôt*, making expeditions at intervals in a thoroughly gypsy manner with the camp—to the bewilderment of his old enemies the tourists—and of a first tour in the Highlands on the back of an ungovernable horse, who on one occasion stopped suddenly, refusing to move. "Turf stood quite still at first, and I thought we should probably have a hard fight for a quarter of an hour; but the battle lasted seven hours by my watch, during which time I never once dismounted. A farmer's wife gave me a piece of bread and cheese which I ate in the saddle. I felt it would not do to dismount, and determined to struggle on till I or Turf should be fairly tired out." But the animal was triumphant after all, and his owner, after subsequent freaks of the same kind, was compelled to get rid of him.

All these adventures are told in a clear, frank manner, with a little too much self-importance peeping out here and there, perhaps, but nothing to object to seriously, while the style of writing is easy and perspicuous. The second volume is not so

satisfactory. Not but what there is much that is original and striking in the "Thoughts on Art," but there is perpetually a sense of smarting under undeserved injuries—a morbid sensitiveness to the opinions of the unartistic world coming to the surface which materially interferes with the enjoyment one might have in following out Mr. Hamerton's theories. In a chapter entitled "The Painter in his Relation to Society," he shows us with what universal scorn the painter is looked upon by the world, and, to corroborate his views, brings forward passages from the writings of Scott, Thackeray, Balzac, About, and others. Dr. McCulloch gets a rap over the knuckles for an expression which does not meet with the author's approval, and is witheringly set down as a "wandering geologist." It would be of no use to assure Mr. Hamerton that society has not that contempt for painters, as a class, that he seems to imagine, because he has already made up his mind on the point, and refuses to be comforted. Speaking of his adoption of painting as a profession, he says, "Blinded by no boyish enthusiasm, I knew that to give my energies to its advancement was to close forever the paths of ambition, and to forfeit the respect of men." In another place he asks "why people invariably behave impertinently when they see a painter at work?" and again speaks bitterly of the "degrading occupation of studying from nature." It would be ridiculous to reply to childish petulance like this, or we might point to the names of many living and dead painters in proof of the falsity of Mr. Hamerton's theory. Let us rather see how the author, so anxious for the world's good opinion of his craft and its followers, speaks of his brethren. He tells us more than once that "the majority of artists cannot spell, and would be puzzled to write grammatically." He sneers at Constable, scoffs at poor Haydon, and in speaking of the inconveniences of hotel life for an artist, says, "Ten to one there will be some dirty fellow, who, because he daubs canvas, claims you at once as a brother of the brush, and puts himself on a footing of the most unpleasant familiarity, chaffing you wittily after the fashion of *his class*, and calling you Bill or Jack." Here is Mr. Hamerton using the very language which gives him such offence when applied to him-

self by society. In another place he speaks of his less fortunate brethren, who look at his camping arrangements as they pass by on the top of a coach, as "envious," and other instances might be given, if enough had not been said already, to show that Mr. Hamerton's estimate of painters is not much higher than that which he attributes to society. Mr. Hamerton will not take it as a compliment, but we cannot help finding a remarkable similarity between his writings and those of that "very bad painter" Haydon. Mr. Hamerton has more literary power, and is generally grammatical, but we find the same self-assertion—the same sensitiveness to uncongenial opinion and general combative spirit that are to be found in the works of the unfortunate historical painter. He tells us the most needless details of his previous career, personal prowess, and accomplishments; he is not to be confounded with the common run of painters; he cannot only write, but write either in prose or poetry. "The landscape of my poem," "the Isles of Loch Awe," were all studied from nature on the spot as carefully as a pre-Raphaelite background." "Poetic fallacy is common to all good word-painting. I could not dispense with it myself. My poems are full of it, and my fallacies are not one whit less absurd than Mr. Ruskin's, when coolly pulled to pieces in a matter-of-fact manner."

Of Mr. Hamerton's professional capabilities we are unable to speak. His volume is not illustrated, nor do we remember his name in exhibition catalogues. We can assure him, however, that we shall look forward anxiously for his picture entitled the "Upper Gates of Glen Etive," on which he tells us he has been working this autumn, not only because he is, as he tells us, "the truest painter of Highland landscape who ever lived," but because we are curious to see a work from the hand of one who describes the "Twelfth process, or finishing," of a picture, in such strange Ruskinese as the following:—

"He (the painter) has quietly reserved a few mighty touches for the very last minute,—reserved them, and foreseen them, for long weeks or months. The hour at last is come when they are to be laid forever on the canvas! all the innumerable multitude of the other touches are waiting for these latest ones, their princes and rulers. Then the spots of pure scarlet, and gold, and azure, are set in their appointed places, and the infinite array of the living tints about them glow and rejoice thenceforth in the gladness of everlasting loyalty."

From Fraser's Magazine.

### THE LATE SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE.

LITTLE did I think, when correcting the proof of my last paper in *Fraser* (on "Physicians and Surgeons of a Bygone Generation"), in a country town far removed from the smoke and fog of London, that I should so soon have to record the death of the most eminent surgeon of his and our time. Yet so it is. While I was writing of Brodie, whom I had known as a patient for the long period of thirty years, in the last days of October, as "a man equally skilled as surgeon and physician," and wishing him health and length of days, the great surgeon and good man lay upon the bed of sickness—indeed, upon the bed of death—at Broome Park, Betchworth, Surrey, and expired while the proof of my paper was passing through the printer's hands. The distinguished man, who for more than half a century had occupied his days and nights in alleviating and assuaging the pains of the diseased, the afflicted, and the dislocated, not merely of London, but of the empire, was unable to arrest the progress of his own malady, or to do for himself what he had so often done for the highest and lowliest in the land—namely, to effect a cure.

This has been the fate of many celebrated men in both branches of the medical profession. Sydenham and Cooper, Arbuthnot and Abernethy, Mead and Sir Everard Home—Brodie's master—all succumbed to diseases which they had thousands of times subdued in the cases of patients as aged, but less distinguished than themselves. Yet to most of these eminent physicians and surgeons was accorded a length of days beyond the allotted span spoken of by the inspired writer. Mead died at eighty-one, Abernethy at nearly seventy, Cooper at seventy-two, Home at eighty-six, and Brodie in his eightieth year. Of all British physicians or surgeons of whom we read in English history, the professional life of Sir Benjamin Brodie was the longest and the most eminently successful. The career of John Hunter in London practice scarcely amounted to twenty-seven years; Abernethy enjoyed a successful practice of five-and-thirty years; Sir Astley Cooper of fully forty; Sir Everard Home of thirty-eight, while Mr. and Sir Benjamin Brodie's successful professional career exceeded, without a season's interrup-

tion, half a century. During ten years of this period, from 1808 to 1818, he enjoyed a considerable and constantly increasing practice; during another decade—i.e., from 1818 to 1828—he enjoyed a very large and lucrative practice; and in the thirty years between 1828 and 1858, when by defective sight he was forced to retire from the more active pursuit of his calling, he enjoyed a larger and more lucrative business than any of his contemporaries, though Cline, Home, Abernethy, Cooper, Pearson, and Vance, all greatly his seniors, could be classed among them.

The master of Brodie, Sir Everard Home, stood in the relation of brother-in-law to the famous John Hunter (the great anatomist having married his sister), and succeeded to the office of lecturer at the schools in Leicester Square and Windmill Street in 1790, which Hunter had resigned in his favor, that he might devote his time to the composition of a treatise on the blood, inflammation, and gunshot wounds, which were three of the last of the great anatomist's literary labors. Home, the son of an eminent surgeon, like Hunter, whose pupil he became, was a native of North Britain; and when he rose into eminence and became physician to St. George's Hospital, the Hunterian school fell into the hands of Wilson and Thomas. The grandfather of Sir Benjamin Brodie, who, though long settled in London, was also a Scotchman by birth, and married the daughter of a Scotch physician, had one son and one daughter. The son, the father of Sir Benjamin, educated for the Church, became rector of Winterslaw, in Wiltshire, and the daughter (Sir Benjamin's aunt) became the wife of the celebrated Dr. Denman, the author of the *Principles of Midwifery*, and father of the late Lord Chief Justice Denman. It was not therefore, wonderful that, connected by his grandmother and his aunt with the medical profession, young Benjamin Collins Brodie should have early shown a predilection for the profession.

Born in June, 1783, the third son of the Rev. Peter Bellinger Brodie, he received his education under the paternal roof, and was by his father well grounded in classical learning. At the age of fifteen he was an accomplished Greek and Latin scholar, and in his sixteenth year was sent up to the metropolis. The family of Brodie was well acquainted

\* See *Fraser's Magazine* for November, 1862, p. 566.

and nearly connected by intermarriages with some of the principal practitioners at the West End; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the youth should be at once installed at the close of the last century as a pupil of Wilson and Thomas at the Hunterian School of Medicine in Windmill Street. Here, for the space of three or four years, he was an assiduous and careful student, and he left the school with the most flattering testimonials of his earliest professional teachers, to become a pupil of Mr., afterwards Sir Everard Home, then surgeon to St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner. Not merely as a practitioner, but as a medical and surgical writer, Mr. Home at this period stood in the first ranks of the profession. His books *On Ulcers*, *On Diseases of the Prostate Gland*, and his *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, are still referred to, I believe, as works of authority; and it should also be remembered that Home was entrusted with the publication of his master's, John Hunter's works, *On the Blood*, *On Inflammation*, *On Gunshot Wounds*, and also of his treatise *On Lues*, enlarged by materials left by Hunter in an unfinished state. Nor was it merely as a surgical writer and editor that Home stood high. He was the author of many valuable articles in the *Philosophical Transactions* and other scientific miscellanies, so that he was a person of large views and general attainments. Mr. Home soon recognized the industry and acumen of young Brodie, who in a short period became his favorite and most distinguished pupil. When scarcely more than one-and-twenty, that pupil gave lectures on anatomy at St. George's Hospital, and at the comparatively early age of five-and-twenty was appointed assistant surgeon to the institution. With three of the eminent physicians of the hospital—Drs. Warren, George Pearson, and Nevins—young Brodie was, I have heard, as great a favorite as with the surgeons; and this he owed to his rare knowledge of pharmacy and materia medica. For fourteen years—i.e., from 1808 to 1822—Mr. Brodie labored in a subordinate position as assistant-surgeon at St. George's, and in the latter year was elected one of the principal surgeons.

It was probably at this comparatively early period of his life, when under the age of forty, he acquired that accurate knowledge of disease and diagnosis of which he was so unequalled a master. Like Home, he

became early in life a contributor to the *Philosophical Transactions*; and at the age of twenty-seven received the Copley medal for two physiological papers. In 1810 he was Croonian Lecturer, and in 1819 became Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at the Royal College of Surgeons, an office antecedently filled by his master, Home. This appointment he held till his increasing professional duties obliged him to relinquish it in justice to his patients. In 1823, at the early age of forty, Mr. Brodie, as a practical and scientific surgeon, stood second to no man in the profession. He had not then, indeed, the world-wide repute of Abernethy or Cooper, nor was he referred to, as these gentlemen and Cline were, as a consulting surgeon; but in the practical every-day business of his profession he was considered the most rising and the safest surgeon of his day, the man who was to succeed at no distant time to the eminent renown of his own master, and the three celebrated surgeons I have named in a preceding sentence. So long as George IV. lived, Cline, Cooper, and Keate were his regular body surgeons, but so eminent was the repute of Brodie in 1830, that he was called into attendance on George IV. in his last illness; and soon after the accession of William IV. he was created Sergeant-Surgeon to that monarch. On the 30th of August, 1834, like his old master, Home, and his predecessor, Cooper, he was created a baronet; and on the accession of her present majesty was appointed her Sergeant-Surgeon, as subsequently, on her marriage, he was appointed Surgeon to the late lamented Prince Consort. In addition to these honors he was elected, in consequence of his scientific attainments, as President of the Royal Society, an institution in the council of which men so eminent as Abernethy and Dr. Wollaston were content to sit.

Nor were the governments of the time, whether Whig or Tory, insensible to the eminent merits of Sir Benjamin Brodie. He was appointed a member of various commissions connected with the public health and sanitary reform, and President of the General Committee on Medical Education. These were honorary appointments, without salary, absorbing a good deal of a distinguished man's valuable time; and there were not wanting those who, in the press and elsewhere, intimated that a peerage would



be fittingly conferred on a man so surpassing in his line and so generally useful. But the government were deaf to these appeals; and it was remarked that Sloane, Home, Milman, Pepys, Davy, Halford, Cooper, Hammick, and Holland, were created baronets only; while Blizard, Blicke, Pennington, and others were never more than knights. No peers have been as yet created out of the medical profession, though two coronets were obtained by lawyers who in mature life abandoned physic to woo Themis. These were Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie, alluded to by Sheridan in the well-known lines—

"Glenbervie, Glenbervie,  
What's good for the scurvy,  
But why is the doctor forgot?  
In his arms he should quarter  
A pestle and mortar,  
For his crest an immense gallipot."

The other instance was Henry Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, who was apprenticed to his father, a provincial surgeon, a career soon abandoned by him for the law, in which he rose to be Master of the Rolls, with a peerage in 1836, without ever having been a member of the House of Commons. There can, however, be no good reason why eminent medical men should not be raised to the peerage. Mr. Babbage, in his *Decline of Science in England*, remarks that some of the most valuable names that adorn the history of science in England, have been connected with medicine, and he especially notices Harvey and Jenner. To these might be added John Locke, who long studied and for some time practised medicine. Assuredly men such as Harvey, Jenner, Locke, and Brodie, were better entitled to enter the House of Lords than many who have obtained an entrance there for questionable personal and political services. The late Dr. Parr declared that he considered the professors of medicine as the most enlightened, moral, and liberal class in the community; Pope pronounced them the most admirable and learned of men; and there can really be no good reason why gentlemen so instructed and useful should not be represented in the first deliberative assembly in the world.

It was in the year 1828 I first became a patient of Brodie. He was then in the forty-fifth year of his age, and in the full

meridian of his fame. He lived at this period, and, indeed, as long as I remember London (and dating from my boyhood, I remember it more than forty years), at 16 Saville Row, a house for the last three years occupied by Mr. Barnard Holt, the surgeon. He sat then to see his patients, as to the last he continued to sit, in the front parlor, the male patients being shown into the back parlor or dining-room, where from half a dozen to a dozen or fifteen gentlemen were ordinarily ranged between the hours of ten and one o'clock. The lady patients, also numerous, were ushered up to the two drawing-rooms, both of which were occasionally full, by the same old servant, dressed in black, with a defect in one of his eyes, whom I remember for a period of thirty years sitting in the hall. From the front parlor, or study, there were two modes of exit, one into the spacious hall, the other into the dining-room or back parlor. When the first coming patient was seen, prescribed for, and dismissed with a bow, Sir Benjamin then opened the second entrance into the dining-room or back parlor, and the next in order of priority entered the surgeon's study. It was the custom of the eminent man of whom I am speaking to hear attentively his patient: but if the latter were prolix or wandering in his statement, the sharp and observant practitioner generally became a questioner, and his questions succeeded each other with amazing rapidity. No symptom, no stray word denoting character, temperament, or mental or bodily idiosyncrasy, escaped that keen, cool, searching intelligence, ever quick, ever watchful, ever observant, yet always cautious, always slowly ascending to generalities. If the case were merely medical, a prescription was quickly written, and speedily explained, and the visitor dismissed; whereas, if it were a surgical case, and an operation was to be performed to complete a cure, the operation, if a slight or trivial one, was at once entered on, or a day appointed for it. All appliances were at hand in the small study for the purpose of examining the patient, and, if need be, using the knife, saw, sound, bistoury, or catheter. But though there was a varied choice of instruments, the books in the small library-cases did not appear numerous. It had occurred to me before 1828 to remark the paucity of books at Astley Cooper's in New



Street, Spring Gardens, at Abernethy's in Bedford Row, and also at Mr. Scarlett's chambers in King's Bench Walk. Some ten or twelve years afterwards the same idea entered my mind in attending a consultation at the chambers of the late Sir William Follett. It would appear, indeed, as though the first and leading men among lawyers, physicians, and surgeons, trust not overmuch to books, but chiefly to experience and practice. Sydenham had as large a practice as any man of his time, and he had long studied both at Cambridge and Montpellier; yet he declared that he chiefly owed his success to practice, and that knowledge of the world which he had gained in the civil war as a captain in the parliamentary army. When asked in the zenith of his fame by Sir Richard Blackmore what was the best course of study for a medical student, he replied, "Read Don Quixote—a very good book—I read it still." In a dedication to Dr. Maplettoft, Sydenham has recorded under his hand, "that the medical art could not be learned so well as by use and experience." "He who would pay" (he goes on to say) "the nicest and most accurate attention to symptoms of distempers, would succeed best in finding true means of cure." This was undoubtedly the course followed by Brodie, who, though a scholar and man of profound learning in his profession, yet before all and above all was a man of observation and experience, prudent, cautious, vigilant, patient, and discreet. He knew, with Bacon, "that books must follow sciences, and not sciences books, for the great quantity of books maketh a show rather of superfluity than lack; which surcharge, nevertheless, is not to be remedied by making no more books, but by making more good books." Brodie knew as well as any man of his time that there is a wisdom without studies and above them (to use the words of the same great man) won by observation. If he read in the busiest part of his life, which he did whenever he could find leisure, it was not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. There are many thousands of book-learned men among physicians and surgeons of all countries, but the men who can heal or cure their patients, or discern their diseases, may be counted by scores only. Nothing is truer than the remark of

Béralde, in reply to Argan, in the *Malade Imaginaire*:—

"Ils savent la plupart de fort belles humanités, savent parler en beau latin; savent nommer en grec toutes les maladies, les définir, et les déviser; mais pour ce qui est de les guérir, c'est ce qu'ils ne savent point du tout. Toute l'excellence de leur art consiste en un pompeux galimatias, en un spécieux babil, qui nous donne des mots pour des raisons et des promesses pour des effets."

Brodie was the very antipodes of this too common type of the professional man. He was the sworn foe of all arbitrary and empirical precepts, of all scholastic subtlety, and founded his conclusions, not on the dicta of those who had gone before him, but on physiological and pathological science. In surgery, as in medicine, he proceeded by induction, and was aided in his practice by a profound and minute knowledge of anatomy. In middle life, and indeed down to 1850, he possessed that  *finesse de vue et souplesse de main*  which the French school of operators consider so absolutely essential to success. He had always in view the dignity and proper ends of his profession, and next to curing his patients, his great object, as that of his predecessor Linacre, was to rescue physic and surgery from mischievous ignorance and quackery, and to guide the student in the path of real knowledge. Some three-and-twenty years ago, a wretched Irish quack, a native of Doneraile, by name St. John Long, who had been a basket-maker, a jobbing sign-painter, an engraver, a color-grinder to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and, lastly, a portrait painter, in all of which callings he failed, set up as quack in Harley Street. Though the impostor was of forbidding countenance, of hideous expression, and afflicted with an incurable stammer, yet crowds of ladies, old and young, flocked to his house, first to inhale a mixture contained in a mahogany chest, and next to be rubbed with a lotion said to be a panacea for all disorders, male and female. Of the treatment several of the patients died, and among others a Miss Cashin, a beautiful girl of respectable family and considerable fortune. In her last illness Mr. Brodie was called in, but so deplorable was her condition that he could not save her. Long was indicted on the coroner's inquisition, and tried at the Old Bailey, when the evidence given by Mr.

Brodie not only secured the fellow's conviction, but opened the eyes of his dupes and the general public. At the period when the trial took place, the quack was in the receipt of an income of £13,400 per annum, a fact which might be verified by the ledger of the eminent bankers, Sir Claude Scott and Co. It will also be remembered that in Palmer's case the remarkable and conclusive evidence of Sir B. Brodie contributed to a conviction. It may be observed, too, that in reference to the mania on homœopathy, Sir Benjamin combated it in these columns with all the cogency of the clearest reasoning, and he would have favored this miscellany with a paper on mesmerism, had his health permitted. As a teacher, as a lecturer, and as a writer of treatises connected with his profession, his great objects were correctly to observe, and succinctly to describe, symptoms. He entertained a proper but not an undue respect for the authority of those who had gone before him in the profession, but he made to himself no *excelesis*, to use the term employed by Bacon. He was erudite in many walks of learning, but pre-eminently so in all that related to his own profession. But he was too wise and too learned a man—and the terms are seldom convertible—to be pedantic. He possessed so sound a judgment and so robust a common sense, that he preferred experience to authority, and he loved free inquiry so much that he received nothing implicitly. In the application of chemistry to medicine and in a knowledge of medicine, he was, as far as I can presume to judge, above all the surgeons of his day. I have heard eminent surgeons say, and as far as I am competent to judge, say with truth, that his knowledge of anatomy was of the exactest and minutest. They compared him, in this respect, to Desault. He deserved the more credit for this as in his early days subjects were scarce and dear, and not so easily obtainable as in Dublin, for a century on this account the cradle of many great and expert surgeons. Dissection at the close of the last and the beginning of the present centuries, was not, it is true, held sacrilege, as in the days of Francis I., or impious, as the University of Salamanca held it in the time of Charles V., but surgical pupils sought subjects stealthily in the churchyard and the charnel-house, and many were the armed encounters which the poachers for bodies,

the alumni of the hospitals and the medical and surgical schools, had with the watchmen and the grave-diggers, when the two latter were specially fed by relatives and friends. Brodie, though a man of exquisite common sense, sound judgment, acute intellect, and ready instinct, was not like Fabricius de Aquapende, Harvey, Fallopius, Eustachius, Pecquet, or Willis of Oxford, a great discoverer, but unlike these eminent discoverers, his general faculties, his reason, his judgment, and his imagination, were in perfect equipoise and admirably balanced, and he possessed a metaphysical acumen, a philosophical breadth of view, a power of keen analysis and sound logic, which these men of genius either wanted or did not combine in such proportions as he. Not addicted *jurare in verba magistri*, Brodie was inclined, like Sydenham, to lay the greatest stress on observation and experience, and this was one of the main causes of his eminent success. In physic and surgery, so far as a layman like myself could judge, he had a perfect mastery of his subject, and the greatest clearness in expounding his views. The earnestness and conscientious conviction, and the reality and sincerity of his opinions, shone forth in all he uttered. He was pre-eminently a special man, eminent in pathology, physiology, the science of diagnosis, and the art of discovering and healing diseases, but he had large sympathies and a broad culture, as appears in every line of his *Psychological Inquiries*, and a wide acquaintance with social and civil life in all its phases. Though the engrossing nature of his avocations did not allow him to mix much in society, yet he had a perfect knowledge of men and things, and of the whole outward world, from his extended commerce with patients of all grades and callings. Though reserved, incommunicative, and somewhat taciturn, following the Horatian maxim, 'Quid, de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe caveto,' yet where he took an interest, no man could give better advice on the general conduct of life. Trained in youth and manhood to a knowledge of human character, he had acquired in mature age an intuitive perception into our common nature which appeared marvellous. Yet with this thorough knowledge of mankind and of the world, he was a philanthropist in the best sense of the word, and a thoroughly Christian gentleman. It

was said of Garth, that if there ever was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, he was the man, and the same remark might be made of Brodie, so unconsciously and unostentatiously did he fulfil every obligation of the Gospel. Aware of the connection between mind and body, he attributed the fretfulness, peevishness, and ill-temper which cultivated men too often exhibit, to the superabundance of lithic acid in the blood, or to organic disease in the viscera. Though he had seen much of the more ignoble and baser side of human nature, yet he was not harsh or cynical, and proclaimed that his individual experience on the whole led him to entertain a better opinion of mankind than that which he should have had if he had studied the subject only in books. He came to the charitable conclusion "that the good very greatly predominates over the evil in life, and that the individual cases in which it is otherwise are but rare exceptions to the general rule."\* In his latest work he linked science with the highest and holiest truths, and showed how much there is of the noble, the sublime, and the beneficent in the medical profession, when practised by a man such as he, at once high-minded, honorable, grave, earnest, humane, and reverently religious, without any touch of bigotry or sectarianism.

It was said of Garth, "that no physician understood his art more or his trade less." This was not, in the latter sense, true of Brodie, for he understood physic both as an art and trade, though his practice was always liberal, never sordid. He rarely refused an honorarium from the wealthy and well-to-do, but he saw the poor gratuitously in the early morning, and gave them counsel and advice. I sent to him myself a needy scholar of unprosperous fortunes, for whom he over and over again not only prescribed gratuitously, but finding the man utterly without means, caused his prescriptions to be dispensed by a chemist at his own cost. In the year 1845 or 1846, I sent him a valuable old servant who had been with me for close upon twenty years, and who had lived with a relative of mine for fifteen years antecedently. This excellent woman had deeply cut her finger with a chopper; the wound being neglected, she had sent for a

surgeon apothecary, under whose care inflammation extended. A pure surgeon was called in aid by the apothecary, and the inflammation continued to increase day by day. In this emergency I sent her to the late Sir Benjamin, who advised speedy amputation of the finger, which he was ready then and there to perform. To this the old creature obstinately refused to consent. "Well," said the great surgeon, "I will save your finger, but it will be a slow business, and never of any use to you." For six weeks he saw the patient twice a week at his own house, saving the finger, though it was a useless member. On the evening of the day after Sir Benjamin dismissed his patient, I called at Saville Row, about seven o'clock, in the month of June. The old servant, who had known me for fourteen or fifteen years, at once showed me into the dining-room, where a single cover was laid for Sir B., who had not yet returned from his rounds. There were two decanters on the table, the one containing a couple of glasses of sherry, the other about a glass of port. Presently a carriage arrived at the door, and the master entered. "What! you here, sir; I hope you don't want my aid personally?" "Certainly not," I said, "but I want to write a cheque for your kind services to my cook." "Write a cheque," said the humane and generous man; "indeed you shall do no such thing. Go home straight to your dinner, and leave me to mine." Saying this, he began to quickly disembody his pockets of a quantity of gold, with which they had been freighted between one P.M. and seven P.M.

I might multiply these anecdotes, but hold my hand. One more, and I have done. Being at Paris, in September, 1840 or '41, and feeling ill, I proceeded to the hotel of Sir Benjamin, whose arrival I had read in *Galvani*. He prescribed for me, and I tendered the honorarium. "No, sir," said he, "I am here for pleasure, not on professional business, for recreation is necessary to us all,

"*Lusus animo debent aliquando dari  
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*"

I am only too happy to be of service abroad to one who is an old patient at home."

These are generous and genial traits of a man who was the head and pride of his profession, and who had the reputation of

\* *Psychological Inquiries*. By Sir B. C. Brodie, D.C.L. London: Longman and Co. 1862.

knowing the uses and value of money. It is my conviction that Sir Benjamin Brodie realized a larger sum by his profession than any one of his predecessors. He did not receive such large fees for operations as Cooper, but he continued longer in the practice of his profession, and for forty years of his life never had a spare moment. It is said of Lettsom, the famous Quaker physician, that in some years he made £12,000 a year, knocking up three pairs of horses per day. The professional gains of the late Sir Benjamin Brodie must for very many years have considerably exceeded this figure, though they perhaps never came up to the income Cooper netted in one year, which

was over £20,000. In all the domestic relations of life, as husband, father, relative, and friend, Sir Benjamin was exemplary and irreproachable. He married, early in life, the daughter of Mr. Sergeant Sellon, a legal author of some repute, a portrait of whom hung in the dining-room at Saville Row. There is no author from whom Brodie more frequently quotes than Montaigne, who habitually bantered and ridiculed physicians and surgeons. With a quotation from old Montaigne I will conclude a paper already too long.

"Nous appelons les médecins heureux," says the old essayist, "quand ils arrivent à bonne fin."

**THE DEARTH OF PAPER—NEW MATERIAL AND MACHINERY.**—Though paper now bears an enormously high price, there is no reason in the world, except that the proper machinery is not at hand, why it should not be as abundant and as cheap as it ever was. An abundance of material, which might be had for almost nothing, and which might easily be converted into paper, is annually wasted.

The fibre of the flax plant makes the strongest and best paper. All the fine old books printed before the present century, were printed on paper made from linen rags. At the present time it is estimated that there is enough of this fibre thrown away every year, in the State of Illinois alone, to equal the annual importation of rags from abroad. There the farmers raise enormous crops of flax for the seed only; they beat out the seed from the bolls and throw the rest of the plant away; the labor of dressing the fibre, and the expense of getting it to market, not being compensated by the price it brings.

A machine has been invented by Mr. Gelston Sanford, and patented by Sanford and Mallory, by which from a ton to a ton and a quarter of the flax plant in its natural state may be reduced to tow. It requires no process of rotting for this purpose, but as soon as the stems are dry they are ready for the machine. The tow produced in this manner has, of course, to be bleached by the usual process and reduced to pulp, and it would then become the material of the very strongest and best paper that is made, either for printing or writing. All that is necessary is to have the machines on the Illinois prairies, or wherever else flax is cultivated, and in a few days one might have mountains of tow ready for the paper mills.

It is worth while to look at this machine in operation at the railroad station in White Street, room No. 26. Its iron teeth draw in the flax, or

hemp, break up the stems into fine shives, shake out the woody particles in showers upon the floor, and deliver the fibres without disturbing their parallel arrangement, at the opposite end of the machine, which is hardly as large as a common fanning mill. For the purpose of being made into thread, the rotted flax or hemp has next to be subjugated to a scutching process, but the unrotted plant requires no further preparation for the purposes of the paper-maker.

There is yet another material for making paper, which can be furnished in vast abundance, and which only requires the proper machinery. The cane-brakes in Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee and the contiguous regions, now within the limits occupied by neither armies, and acknowledging the jurisdiction of the United States, may be converted into reams of paper for the daily presses. We have before us samples of this material in three different stages of progress. Blown through an iron tube by steam, the stem of the cane is converted into a tangled mass of brown strings. Another process reduces it to a cotton-like substance as white as snow, which, mixed with water, would be the pulp for paper-making. The third sample is the manufactured sheet, compact, strong, smooth paper, ready for the printer.

All that is needed to make paper more plenty and cheaper than ever before, without dependence upon the cotton fields of the South, is simply the exercise of a little of our Northern ingenuity. That has already begun its work. We learn that several machines for reducing flax to tow have been ordered by the owners of paper mills from Sanford and Mallory, and we are pretty confident that as early as the beginning of another year the stricture which the scarcity of paper has imposed on the press of our country will have passed away.—*N. Y. Evening Post*, 7 Jan.



From All the Year Round.  
FELICIA CROMPTON.

"I AM Miss Bessie Crompton, Pim," I said.

I spoke with the dignity of a young lady fresh from a boarding-school. I had been at the Clergy Daughters' School for four years, being educated for the express purpose of becoming a teacher; yet when my allotted term was ended, my sister Felicia, who had been a governess herself, decidedly declined the offer of the lady superintendent to find me a situation, and desired that I should return home at once. Yet though I had been absent so long, only old Pim, our servant, who had been errand-boy to my father's grammar-school longer than I could remember, met me at the station. I was almost ashamed of recognizing him as he waited at the back of the platform, in an antiquated, threadbare black suit of my father's, looking like the embodiment of decrepitude and poverty, and blinking with a bewildered, purblind gaze, at the long train and crowd of passengers, like an owl dragged out into the tormenting light of day. I approached him with a stateliness and distance, to convince bystanders that he was nothing more to me than a servant.

"Lord love you, Miss Bessie, it can't be you!" he exclaimed, instantly reviving from sixty to thirty years of age, "the master himself'll not know you again. If you wouldn't be above it, miss, when we're out of sight, I should like to shake hands with you for this once; if it's not too great a liberty. You gave old Pim a kiss when you went away."

"O Pim! dear old Pim!" I cried, seizing his big hand, covered with a very worn pair of my father's gloves. All the dignity of the Clergy Daughters' School vanished as if it had never been. "I love you just the same, Pim; and I'm coming to live at home again, you know, so we shall have the old times back."

Pim aged into sixty again in a moment, and shook his bended head feebly; halting and flagging as if unable to keep up with my young, impatient step, as he walked a few paces behind me. When I tried to question him about home, he replied reluctantly. Once even he produced a Jew's-harp, and began to twang a doleful tune upon it, as he had been used to do, when, as a child, I had asked him unanswerable questions; but, rec-

ollecting himself, he replaced it in his pocket with a despondent apology, and we walked on without further conversation.

Our home was an old rambling mansion attached to the Elizabethan Grammar School, of which my father had been master for thirty years. The endowment was fifty pounds a year, and the scholars on the foundation were only twelve in number; but, under former masters, the school had won something more than mere local reputation, and one after another had retired, either in possession of a comfortable competency, or with the presentation to a church-living. College Hill, where the school was situated, was one of the oldest and narrowest streets in Tamford, and no thoroughfare of business; the buildings consisting chiefly of a row of decaying houses, property in Chancery, and a large, enclosed quadrangle, entered by an archway opposite the school-house, and surrounded by almshouses for twenty-five aged men. The character of the street depended altogether upon the condition of the school. No surer index was needed than its aspect at noon and evening when the scholars dispersed; if Tamford Grammar School was prospering, the walls echoed to the shrill whoop of school-boys, and the pavements rang with their clattering footsteps, followed by the wrathful maledictions of the almsmen. But not a sound was to be heard as we entered it, save the lagging step of a foundationer, who slunk close to the wall, with a sly, insolent, sidelong glance at me, as we passed him. In the dark shadow of the porch, which stretched across the narrow causeway, I saw Felicia watching for me. The pale beams of the wintry sun glistened through the lattice casement of the projecting window of the study over the porch upon my father's snow-white head, which was bowed wearily upon his hands. Neither of them moved as I appeared, but Felicia's beautiful, sad face kindled into a sudden glow, which faded before I had run quickly across the little space between us. When I threw my arms round her neck, she bent her lofty head to mine, and kissed me coldly, without a word of welcome.

We passed on into a bare and empty lobby, across which she led me to our old parlor, so often pictured and repainted by my imagination, that it had become a very pleasant



place; not grand or gorgeous, for Felicia had hinted gently in her letters at a blight of poverty fallen upon us, but at least a tasteful, simple, homelike sitting-room. The paper was discolored with damp, and hung in mouldy shreds from the blank walls. The long, narrow casements were uncurtained, and the boarded floor had no carpet, except a dingy rug on the hearth; a square, uncovered table, where nothing was lying, stood in the centre, and four chairs only broke the straight line of the low lining of wainscot. The room was a large one, and it wore an empty, desolate, and chilling aspect.

"You shiver," said Felicia, in her soft voice, which sounded caressingly though she spoke no words of endearment; "there is a fire in the schoolroom. We generally sit there now."

I had forgotten how low and dark the unlighted passages were, and how bleak-looking the white-washed walls; and, when the massive door of the schoolroom swung heavily from Felicia's hold, I scarcely recognized the lofty and spacious hall. It had the look of a chapel, with its decorated ceiling high above us, and the rostrum of black oak surmounted by a sounding-board, which stood at the opposite end; the fixed desks and forms down each side; the horizontal windows with diamond lattices and stone casements far above; the memorial tablets inscribed with the titles of deceased patrons; and the doubtful shadows lurking about the furthest corners, as if it were not worth while for the darkness to leave altogether the ancient room, oppressed me with the solemn, eerie feeling of being in a church at twilight. I had thought of it as a scene of frolic and boyish games; and I turned uneasily to the huge corner fireplace, where Felicia was stirring into a blaze a handful of smouldering embers.

"I thought my father would have come down," I said.

"He is either at his book or asleep," she answered, sighing.

"Felicia," I cried, bursting into tears, "what is the matter? Is this home? Are you always like this?"

Before Felicia could answer, Pim came forward from an obscure corner, and addressed me in a quick, cheerful tone,—

"Ay, little Miss Bessie," he said, "it is

home, but it's not to be always like this. Bless you, the master's going to finish his big book, and we shall all ride in our carriage. Or Miss Bessie'll be certain to marry some grand gentleman, and make our fortunes. And Mr. Edward, in Canada, he'll grow money on his farm; 'specially when I go out to him, as I'm waiting to do as soon as you're all settled here. Lord love you! Whenever I feel a little down in the mouth, I go and read inside Master Garforth's desk. You look here, Miss Bessie, what he's wrote. Here's 'Faint heart never won fair lady;' 'Hope on, hope ever;' 'Never say die;' and this here Latin, my dear, means 'Love conquers all;' and 'While there's life there's hope.' He *was* a head boy, he was—a regular taw; and his desk's like a chapter out of the Bible to me."

"But, Pim," I said, "I did not know——" And then tears stopped my utterance.

"I could not tell you, Bessie," said Felicia, sadly, "when all your letters were looked at at school. But we were obliged to have a sale to pay our debts; and there are no boys now but the foundationers; and my father, Pim says, is getting on with his book. During my absence as a governess to the children of Colonel Clarke,"—here my sister unaccountably checked herself,— "he sunk deeper into the fatal habit of opium-eating, and now he is so great a slave to it that the instruction of the few poor burgesses' sons who come to school, devolves upon me. Our affairs were bad enough when you went, if you had been old enough to notice. And now, dear, we are very poor, and very lonely."

I suppose Felicia was worn down to this lifeless existence; at least she accepted it with a grave patience peculiar to herself. Her very footstep, languid and inelastic, might have been timed to the measured ticking of the school clock, and her low voice never rose or fell beyond a certain cadence, which bore in its reiterated tone a monotony, as the harping burden of some sorrowful song, like Barbara's song of willow. From the household work to the schoolroom, where the rough scholars grew quiet in her quiet presence, and thence to the almshouses, she passed daily in a dull routine, with a meek acceptance of these duties, to which I could never attain. Only once disturbed by some words of mine, there

came a wistful, longing, weary look into her blue eyes, followed by rare but passionate weeping, before which Pim himself was silenced, and retreated into his own corner of the vast schoolroom, whence he watched her with mute anxiety and distress. My father spent most of his time in the study, amidst a litter of books and papers, where he could sleep in peace unapproached by our presence. Sometimes when I went past the unfastened door, which had neither latch nor lock, singing loudly—for I could still sing when the sun shone brightly without—he would start at the sound, and seize his pen quickly, like a child caught in a fault; but the nerveless fingers relaxed in a moment, and the gray head nodded again over the half-written papers, while I stole away guiltily, with a sense of shame at having seen his miserable disablement and prostration.

Thus a year and a half passed away, taming down the wild pulses of my youth. It was the second winter since I had left school, but a change was coming now—a very slight change, but there was an element of excitement and hope in it. Pim had been seeking constant employment as rural messenger in the post-office, by which he would earn fourteen shillings a week. Another candidate for the office had been recommended, and it was yet uncertain whether he would succeed, and to-night he was gone to hear the final decision. My father had gone to bed, as his custom was, at nine, and I, crouching beside the fire, was watching Felicia, as she paced to and fro into the ruddy gleam of the fire and back to the cold, clear moonlight at the upper end of the hall. There was an impatient tread in her usually measured footstep, and I could see that her little hands, roughened with coarse work, were clenched feverishly together, while at every sound without she turned sharply towards the door, betraying how eager she was for this good fortune, and how in secret she chafed at the privations and narrowness of our lot. She had just paused for a moment beside me, when we heard the twang of Pim's Jew's-harp, and she darted back to the door, but before she could reach it, he entered and closed it after him.

"I've got it," he said, in a voice of agitation; "it's all right. Little Miss Bessie, I'm Her Majesty's Rural Messenger to High

Overton, with fourteen shillings a week. God bless Queen Victoria!"

"It's all right, Miss Crompton," repeated Pim, taking my sister's hand, "all right, my dear. Bless you, we shall be as happy as the day altogether, 'specially of a night, when I'm come home. I shall be back in time for any odd jobs about the house; only I sha'n't see much of the master, Lord love him! It was so uncommonly kind of him to write that beautiful recommendation for me, when he's so busy with the big book. I'm a made man through it, with fourteen shillings a week clear."

"It's all right, my dears," he reiterated; "right to a tittle. Everything's right. But I shouldn't have got it without Mr. Garforth. It's been uncommon difficult to keep my temper over this business. You wouldn't believe it, but this postmaster—he's not a Tamford man—asked me if I was any blood relation to the master."

"And what did you say, old Pim?" I asked.

"Why, I'm afraid I swore a little," he replied, with a deprecating glance at Felicia, who had come to my side; "I'm afraid I said I'd be something'd if I was; but I didn't mean it."

"Pim!" murmured Felicia.

"I couldn't help it," he continued; "he was so uncommonly impertinent, 'specially about my character, though the master himself had written that letter for me. Saving your presence, Miss Crompton, and yours, Miss Bessie, he went so far as to say he'd been told my father and mother weren't married, and that's forty years ago clear."

Felicia's face flushed with a deep crimson, but I could not help laughing.

"That was no fault of yours, Pim," I said.

"Just the remarks as Mr. Garforth made, Miss Bessie. I didn't use any bad language then, Miss Crompton. I only said, 'Sir, it's a awful thing when the Master of us all, who has got wisdom and discretion, begins to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children; but when a man that hasn't got any sort of wisdom, sets about it——' Mr. Garforth said, 'True, old fellow,' to me."

Felicia's hand, lying upon my shoulder, rested there more heavily, as she stood silent, with drooping head and downcast eyes. In all the large moonlit room there was neither

sound nor motion, and I felt a superstitious panic creeping over me.

"What is that Felicia?" I cried.

A low, gentle tapping at the northern door, not as loud as the stroke of a robin's wing against the window, a feeble irregular knock, like the beating of a child's open hand against the iron-studded panels, succeeded by a pitiful wail, which stole into the quiet room, and filled it for a moment with a babyish, pleading tone of trouble. Felicia shivered as she leaned against me, and old Pim stood paralyzed, gazing back to the dark end of the hall; but when a second cry came, a shrill, sharp, passionate scream of fright, I sprang to my feet, and pushing past them both, ran hastily to the door. It was bright clear moonlight, and the shadows slanted across the street, making alternate spaces of light and darkness. Scarcely more soundless and deserted was it than in the daytime; even less so, for as I stopped for a moment looking out, the cry burst forth again, and I saw the form of a little child, pattering swiftly along the pavement, in the deepest shadows of the school walls. I followed the little flying figure, but it fled from me in increased fear—a fear so intense and overwhelming, that when I caught it, and taking it in my arms, sat down on the step of an untenanted house, it was long before all my caresses and soothing could still the vehemence of its sobs. At length it lay passive in my arms, and I looked up to Felicia, who stood before us, the moonlight falling upon her white, grave face, and lending a pale glory to her golden hair, like a halo round the calm forehead of a saint.

"Pim is looking for the woman," she whispered, as if afraid of being overheard; and she stooped down to lay her hand gently on the little head lying languidly on my bosom.

"See how frightened it is, Felicia," I cried, "the poor little bird. Where can it have come from?"

"She has been deserted," answered Felicia, in a bitter tone.

"Deserted? Impossible!" I replied. "What are we to do with it?"

"We cannot talk about it here," she said; "take the child in, Bessie, while Pim and I look everywhere. We must search every corner."

So, with the child sobbing itself to sleep

in my arms, I returned to the old house, and the hearth where I myself had been the last little infant, the youngest born of our family. I felt a deep instinctive love for this wailing, forsaken child; and before Felicia and Pim returned, I had collected a number of unanswerable arguments for adopting her into our household, if they found no clue to account for her appearance.

They came in, utterly foiled. Every nook in the quadrangle had been searched, and the doors of the almshouses tried, often to the great anger of the almsmen within. All the untenanted dwellings in the street were apparently empty, and their doors carefully locked; neither sound nor sight had hinted anything to them. Only one thing could be decided upon, and that we resolved unanimously. The child must remain with us till the morning, and then we should have a private discussion before my father was up, so that we might have a definite plan beforehand, which he would not take the trouble to interfere with.

I employed all my eloquence and arguments in that discussion, pleading with Felicia to let us keep the waif, and Pim lent his voice to mine.

"Who can tell whose child she may be?" I said; "for I am sure she is no common child, Felicia. See what a noble face she has. Are there no marks upon her clothes?"

"None," said Felicia, who was examining them closely; "they are worn and poor, Bessie."

She sighed heavily as she laid down the little garments, and stood undecided for a minute, watching me feed the child with bread and milk, which the child was taking hungrily. "I will be a mother to it, Felicia. God helping me, I will be a better mother than the one that has forsaken it, if that be true."

Felicia, usually so cold and reticent, fell down on her knees before us, and clasped me and the wondering child in her arms, murmuring in a voice that only I could hear, "God forgive the mother; God pardon the poor, wretched, abandoned woman! God help my Bessie!"

Ever after, life wore a different aspect to me. The monotony and gloom were gone. The child, after a day or two of fretfulness, became a merry, laughing, romping little

creature, "gurgling," as Pim called it, about the old house, with a keen enjoyment of the sounding empty rooms. To Pim and me she was a priceless treasure. Even my father would rouse himself to take her upon his knee, and let her fall asleep in his arms, himself yielding to the dreamy lethargy, which now always brooded over him with heavy wings. Only Felicia, allowing herself but a hurried notice of the child now and then, retained the melancholy step and glance of former times. We used to have long conversations about her at night, when Pim returned from his round; canvassing every conjecture that arose in our minds, until the subject became the one absorbing predominant idea of my brain. I no longer avoided the main streets of my native town, nor hurried down by-paths to hide my poverty-stricken appearance.

It was a totally unlooked-for misfortune when Pim fell ill, in the spring succeeding this autumn; but the doctor who attended the almsmen said a few days' rest would set him up again if we could get a substitute for his work. This consisted of a walk into the country of about seven miles, with no very heavy load of letter-bags; only a trustworthy and intelligent person was needed. After many objections raised at home, and some demur at the post-office, I was at last allowed to take Pim's place until he fairly recovered. I was young and strong, and the walk in the pleasant spring mornings and evenings with the long days' rest in the country air, would be good for me. I said to Felicia, the early hour at half-past five in the morning, and the dusk in the evening, would hide me from the curiosity of our townspeople.

But neither of these circumstances availed me in the country, where I met with idle querists who considered me a fair enigma offered for their solution. Yet there was nothing remarkable about me. I was commonplace and insignificant enough to go through my work unnoticed; not like Felicia, who moved and spoke like a discrowned queen. One woman especially, a widow, living about two miles from Tamford, waylaid and catechized me so rigorously, that in a little time I began to suspect her of some sinister meaning. She was born to excite suspicion. Such depths of dissimulation there were in her heavy, slow-moving eyelids; such fraud in the forced smile on her

thin lips; such lines of cunning on her face. She was so humble, too, so affable and insidious; and asked me impertinent questions so delicately, that I found her worming out all the little secrets of our secluded household. I dislike to think of that woman to this day.

"I have a letter for you," she said one evening; "a most important letter, and I wish to see you put it safely into your basket, where you cannot lose it. Not with the others, please; I should like it kept separate, and posted separate, so that you may remember it particularly."

I put it into my own basket to satisfy her, and went on my way homewards, very weary, and thinking only of the rest by the school-room fire, with Felicia and our little child. Pim met me at the entrance of the town to take my light burden from me, and as the child was with him we walked on forgetfully and happily enough, leaving him to proceed to the post-office. Not till I was luxuriating in my anticipated rest, with Felicia waiting upon me and little Bell busily unlacing my boots, did I remember the important letter in my basket.

I recollect it lying there, in the brightest light of our one candle, with the thick, marked characters, unlike a woman's handwriting. An idle feeling of curiosity mingled with my irritation, and I took it up again to examine it more closely. Beneath the thin envelope I deciphered this sentence; "The child is safe enough, at school with the daughters of a clergyman."

Such a clear, decisive clue I had never had before. Mrs. Barnett's inquisitiveness, the strange suddenness of her interest in me, the familiarity and ease with which she had caught the names of our little household, rushed instantly upon my mind. I kept silence; and, before many minutes of thought were passed, I determined to conceal my suspicions from Felicia, and from Pim if possible; for I had begun to doubt his simple capacity, and I resolved to follow out this clue myself. I would waver at nothing that would tend to solve the mystery of Bell's birth. Still holding the letter in my trembling hand, I was rapidly coming to the decision to detain it, when Pim returned, and Felicia took it from my reluctant grasp, and sent him away again to post it.

It is a hard thing to confess a crime;

harder, perhaps more humiliating, when there is something mean in it. A bold, brave, great sin, or a soft, passionate error one can recall with a kind of palliating tenderness and pity for ourselves. When Pim, a few days after my discovery of this apparent clue, was well enough to resume his work, and at my earnest solicitation came home to have some breakfast, bringing his letters with him, which was transgressing a strict rule, and I looked them over, and saw a letter in an evidently disguised handwriting, addressed "Mrs. Barnett, widow, Tamford," with the words, "Try Fazeley," written upon it by the postmaster, do you much wonder, that, having no moment for reflection, I withdrew it secretly from the bundle, and allowed Pim to proceed on his way without it?

The risk of detection was as slight as it possibly could be, for the letter had come in this morning, and the words "Try Fazeley" would lead Mrs. Barnett to suppose that it had been detained in Tamford for one day, that the town letter-carrier might see if it belonged to any one in his delivery. Pim would confirm this opinion if she spoke to him about it. The envelope was not sealed, and could be opened and reclosed readily. Yet I hesitated. I followed Felicia about, afraid of being left alone, and watched her sitting placidly at her stitching, with the child at her feet attempting to sew a piece of cloth, the pretty little features puckered into lines of painstaking. At last she looked up with grave, childish eyes into Felicia's face.

"Will mamma come to-day?" she asked; for I talked often to her of the mother who would come for her some time, and love her more than we could.

"No," answered Felicia.

"I wish she would," sighed the child, wistfully; "I'm so tired."

That decided me. I went back into the schoolroom, where the scanty class of poor scholars had assembled, and seated myself at poor old Pim's desk—the head boy's desk, with its mottoes of hope, which he had appropriated to his own use—and, concealing myself behind the heavy lid, which rested upon my forehead, I unfastened the envelope with a wicked dexterity, and drew out the enclosure, wrapped within a blank paper.

It was nothing whatever but a few shillings' worth of postage-stamps, without a

line of writing. I suppose if I had been a greater adept in crime, I should have been disappointed at this failure of result; but, upon the whole, I was not so. After the first feeling of surprise there came an undercurrent of relief. I had not then violated any private communication. I had been saved from doing Mrs. Barnett the treacherous injury I had designed. When Pim had taken the letter to her, I should feel as if I had done her very little wrong; and, having once tasted the humiliation of dishonor, I should never fall into the same temptation again.

I was obliged to leave it, until the boys were gone, carefully locked up in Pim's desk. The morning wore slowly away, but at length the foundation-scholars were dismissed, and my father prepared to lounge out for his noonday stroll. He was loitering at the school-door, deliberately drawing on his gloves, while I stood beside him, impatient for his departure, when at the turning into College Hill there appeared an extraordinary group, escorted by the returning scholars. The postmaster and a stranger walking briskly towards us, and behind them a policeman, with our poor old faithful Pim. Coming on too quickly to give me a moment's time for thought, they entered the schoolroom after my father, who retreated hastily at the sight of them, and shut the door in the familiar faces of the boys and almsmen clustering round. Their errand was speedily told. A letter containing marked stamps had been posted in London to test the honesty of the town letter-carrier, and had been addressed only to "Mrs. Barnett, Tamford"—selecting that name at random—in the supposition that it would necessarily pass into the hands of the suspected man; but the postmaster, knowing no one of that name except the lady at Fazeley, had put it among Pim's letters for him to try, first, whether it belonged to her. The detective—the pleased and satisfied-looking stranger—had come down to Tamford to learn the success of his experiment, and, upon hearing the postmaster's statement, had repaired to Mrs. Barnett's to reclaim the letter. Finding it was not delivered, he had gone on to High Overton after Pim, whose confused and frightened manner had already condemned him in his eyes. They were come now to institute a search for the missing letter.



"O Miss Bessie," cried Pim, falling upon his knees before me, "have pity upon me, my dear. Don't you say anything to break my heart. It won't be hard to bear if you don't get into trouble, and your mother left you in my charge. Don't speak—don't speak."

I saw it all in a moment—every consequence, every dire dreary result of my fault. Pim's tears were falling fast upon my hands, which he kissed imploringly, while he reiterated his prayer to me to be silent. But I had no power to speak. Suddenly he seemed removed a long way from me, and his words sounded like indistinct mutterings, only I heard him say it was all right now, as I felt Felicia's arms round me, and was conscious of nothing more.

That night, after the dreadful afternoon was over, with its confusion and dismay, and the almost magisterial visit of the mayor and rector, who were trustees of the grammar-school, I had to tell my secret to Felicia—not to my father, he could neither counsel nor aid me. I was unprepared for the terrible paroxysm of anguish into which my shameful confession threw her. It was nearly dark in the schoolroom, for we had had no heart to light a candle, and I could scarcely see her white face. She trembled violently, and spoke in broken sentences.

"What ought I to do, Felicia?" I asked, trying to look steadfastly at our position.

"I cannot tell," she said, wringing her hands; "we ought not to let Pim suffer this for us; he has done so much for us."

"I wish we had one friend," I sobbed, thinking of all our townspeople, who were going about their business and pleasure without any care for us, and we had no one to help us.

"We have a friend," said Felicia, many minutes afterwards, as if she had not dared to mention him before, "and to-morrow I will send for him. Lawrence Garforth, Bessie; but we shall have to tell him all. We will abide by his decision."

It was not strange that I should lie awake all night, scarcely believing that these events were real. I waited through the long and weary hours of the morning for the arrival of Mr. Garforth, who was to decide what I was to do, and the deathlike paleness of Felicia as the time drew near increased my vague apprehensions. It was I who had to

admit him—a grave, stern-looking man, not the head boy I dimly remembered, into whose face I dared not to glance, as I conducted him through the empty lobby to our desolate parlor, where Felicia was waiting for him: Felicia, in her faded dress, but with a soft dawn of color on her delicate face, and with downcast eyelids, which she could not raise as he approached her.

"Felicia—Miss Crompton," he said, eagerly, "I was not prepared for this. Why did you not send for me at once?"

"The trouble is my sister's," she answered, in her cold, quiet tone. "I should not have sent for you on my own account merely."

She drew me to her side with an unusual show of affection; but, as if recollecting herself, pushed me gently away from her, while she told him an abrupt, unvarnished narrative, giving the bare details of our life for the last twelve months, without a word to appeal to his sympathy or interest, until she came to my crime of yesterday. Then she spoke with tears, and with every plea on my behalf which could soften his judgment and reprobation.

"You know," said the lawyer, suddenly and sharply, "that Pim must bear it, if he will, and there seems no doubt about that, poor fellow. Your sister cannot take the consequences of her imprudent act upon herself."

For the first time I met his eyes, which before had been fastened on Felicia's face; deep, tranquil eyes, that won my confidence at once. He saw it, and smiled rather sadly.

"The consequences are worse than the fault," he continued, "and you cannot bear them, child. We cannot lay bare the history of your family before the public. We dare not expose you to the position in which Pim is placed; and the punishment will not be all his."

"But for Pim to be in jail," I cried. "O Mr. Garforth, you do not know what he has been to us, and I would rather bear the disgrace and imprisonment myself a thousand times."

"I know all, little Bessie," he replied; "and knowing all, I decide as I do. Go away now; I wish to speak to your sister alone."

I left them together. I heard Bell's shrill

little voice calling to me from the garden, and I went out to her, under the windows of the parlor, where Felicia was conversing with Mr. Garforth. He was regarding us furtively from one side of the deep embrasure, and I saw him for a moment cover his face with his hands in a quick, mute gesture of trouble.

We went the next day—Felicia and Mr. Garforth and I—to see Pim in the prison at Shawbury. I clung to Mr. Garforth's steady arm, but Felicia walked before us with her smooth, tranquil step, and slightly bended head, as if the long, low passages and jealously locked gates could not move her frigid quietism, nor the thought of seeing Pim a prisoner quicken a throb of her languid pulse. Even when we stopped before the door of his cell, and the turnkey was unfastening the massive lock, she did not turn to us, nor stand on one side for Mr. Garforth to enter first.

Pim was at work when we went in, and looked up shyly, with a glance of shame and despondency, which was changing into one of delight at seeing Felicia and me, when his eyes fell upon Mr. Garforth, and then he started to his feet with a bitter cry.

"O Miss Bessie, you've told," he exclaimed, "and you've told him! I wouldn't have had you tell him for all the world. Anybody but him; anybody but the head boy. He knows enough about us already."

"Come, Pim," said Mr. Garforth, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you forget that the monitor knows everything in school and out. You should have more confidence in me. Do you think I shall ever forget Tamford Grammar School?"

"No, sir; no, Mr. Lawrence," he sobbed, "we can't either of us forget the school; nor Mrs. Crompton, God bless her; and I should be ashamed of seeing her face in heaven if any harm came to the children—any *worse* harm. It was only a young thing's curiosity as cannot leave things alone, but must root them out somehow; and, Lord love you! being here don't hurt me a bit, but it 'ud kill her—a little, delicate, tender creature like her. I've chapel every morning, and it's fetching up my religion better than at home. Besides, it wasn't altogether her fault; she was driven to it."

Mr. Garforth bent his head without speaking.

"And I've been thinking," continued Pim, falling into a reverential tone, "that somehow *it's* the grandest thing a poor man like me can do, who was born a shame, to bear trouble and disgrace for somebody else, and save them. You see, by having my life a little bit heavier and harder, I can make hers light and easy, as it ought to be. Bless you, when I think I can save little Miss Bessie,—save you, my dear,—I feel as proud as if the cell couldn't hold me. I'm not ashamed of being born; and I sha'n't be ashamed when I stand before the Judge. If I've not done my duty by Miss Crompton and Mr. Edward, I shall have done it by you; and if ever I have a chance in heaven, I shall be bold to tell your blessed mother——"

"But I cannot bear it, Pim," I said, weeping till my words were lost in sobs.

They tried to comfort me, making light of my fault, and the penalty which would fall upon Pim; Mr. Garforth promising every effort in his power to secure a short term of imprisonment. But the case was too clear; the abstraction of the letter, Pim's guilty confusion when it was demanded from him, his evasive answers, and the discovery of it open in his own locked desk, formed an unbroken and conclusive chain of evidence. Mr. Garforth spoke eloquently for him, and my father was roused to the exertion of going to the sessions to testify of his long and faithful services; but the sentence could not be otherwise than it was—twelve months' imprisonment as a felon in Shawbury jail.

They told me nothing about it at the time, for I was too ill to bear the knowledge of it. Life ebbed so low that for long it was doubtful whether it would ever swell buoyantly again with the full tide of youth and health. Even after it had turned, with a fitful and wavering increase of strength, Felicia spoke of Pim with caution, and read fictitious letters to me, written in his name by Mr. Garforth, for they dared not tell me that Pim could only write once a quarter, so full of his quaint, pleasant, chattering cheerfulness, that they seemed like Pim's own kindly voice. I learned some of the secret of Felicia's endurance in my helplessness, and in our whispered conversations I told her of it feebly, how the fire and impatience of my youth was quelled forever by the memory of

my fault. Often, too, when little Bell was lying in my arms, her warm cheek nestling against mine, I used to wonder to Felicia about her parentage and future life, the more so as Mr. Garforth had ascertained that the words in Mrs. Barnett's letter referred to a nephew of her own at school in Shawbury. Sometimes my incoherent fancies would weave curious webs of romance for her, and Felicia's patient, pitying eyes would shine down upon me with a look of tenderness, which never beamed from them upon any one else.

Not even upon Mr. Garforth, as I discovered when I came down-stairs, and he visited us regularly every evening for an hour, always manifesting towards Felicia a kind of sorrowful esteem and thoughtfulness, while me he treated like the fretful, unreasonable, childish invalid that I was, soothing or laughing at me as my mood required. It was he who went to see Pim after the first six months of his imprisonment were over, when I was not considered strong enough to bear the wintry journey; and it was he who stood beside us as our friend, when the last oblivious sleep, which blotted out all unkind remembrance of the lethargic past, fell upon our poor father. He was with us, with me alone, though we thought my father was sleeping in his chair beside us, when we looked up, and found the eyelids weighed down, and the nerveless hands folded in a slumber from which there was no awaking.

That was a little while before the long vacation, and Mr. Garforth secured for us the shelter of our old home, until a new master should be elected for Tamford Grammar School. Pim's term would end a few days before we should have to leave the school-house, and Felicia and Mr. Garforth held private consultations, from which I was excluded; though I guessed their purport—that he had won, or would win her at last, to be his wife. I said to myself, and to little Bell, a hundred times a day, how glad I should be to call Mr. Garforth my brother. Yet why did my voice falter, and my heart fail me? Why, with the shadow of my father's death falling upon me, did I seem dimly conscious of a less defined but deeper shadow? Why did I feel every day that my fault, which Mr. Garforth knew, must shut me out forever from his love and honor?

I was sitting at his old desk one evening,

thinking sadly enough of him and poor Pim, with the long lines of evening sunlight slanting through the high windows, as they had done many summer afternoons upon the boys at their tasks, when Mr. Garforth entered, after a prolonged interview with Felicia. I understood his animation, his rapid step of excitement, as he paced the flagged floor to the place where I was sitting, and, gently displacing me, took his old monitor's post, and looked round with eyes full of memory. I could see him as the head boy, with command over his fellows, sweeter and more absolute than any authority now; and as the bashful boy-lover, courting yet shrinking from the glance of the master's daughter. Those days were come back again, he was living over the past once more; while I stood beside him, scarcely daring to glance at the abstracted man, with the first keen, agitated conviction that I loved him.

"Sit down by me on the form, Bessie," he said; "I have many things to say to you."

He moved a little way to make room for me, and I obeyed him, without word or look.

"The old home is broken up," he continued, softly, "and you will have to turn out of it, little Bessie. Pim cannot return to Tamford—never could if your father had lived; so he must go to Edward in Canada at last."

I planted my feet firmly on the bar of the desk to keep myself from trembling visibly.

"And Felicia will go with him," he resumed.

"Felicia!" I cried.

"Yes," he said, with an air of constraint; "Colonel Clarke, the brother of Sir John Clarke, in whose family she was governess, has left her a legacy of one thousand pounds, which in Canada will make her an independent woman."

"Oh, I understand it all now!" I exclaimed. "My poor Felicia, my darling, patient Felicia; she loved Colonel Clarke; they loved one another. And is he dead?"

"He is," was the brief answer; and after a pause he continued: "So Felicia and Pim will go to Canada, but they consent to leave you behind, if you can think of any friend you could stay with happily. Think, Bessie. Could you be happy with me?"

I could only bow down my head upon the hand lying on the desk before me, murmur-

ing the word "Happy" over and over again, as our child had done when she could only speak a few lisping syllables.

"Let us go to Felicia," I said, a long time afterwards, when the evening brightness was fading away; and he led me along the passages trodden by children's feet to the parlor, where we found her sitting in the twilight, with little Bell lying languidly in her lap. She smiled brightly when Mr. Garforth told her of our betrothal, and put the child down to take me into her arms.

But Bell, the little, excitable, sensitive child, as if foreboding some separation, wept bitterly, and I could not comfort her, though Mr. Garforth, who had never fondled her before, tried playfully to soothe her. Ever since my protracted illness, her merry ways had changed into a listless and pensive quietness. Of late, whenever I was not with her, she had been used to climb up to the window, and press her tiny face against the panes in wistful watchings for the mother who never came, until my heart ached at having filled her with a hope that now was less likely to be realized.

During the next month, while we were busy making preparations for the intended emigration as soon as Pim was released, and for my dwelling with Mr. Garforth's mother until our marriage, I found courage at last to approach the tacitly forbidden theme, and besought him to let me keep the child with me; but he refused this, my first request, with a brief decision that silenced me at once, though it awoke a dread of him, and of the time when I should be left alone to his stern authority. A reserve sprang up between us. But my adopted little one was declining now visibly and surely, and every other interest was engrossed in my care for her. Perhaps that low ebbing of my life which she had seen with the bewilderment and vague fear of childhood; or the mysterious sleep she had witnessed in my father, when he did not awake at the sound of our crying; or the oppression of Felicia's sadness, that had so often weighed me down; all, and privation and care, had burdened the young heart till it shuddered at life, recoiling from it, dimly conscious of its struggles.

It was the evening I had been looking forward to so long, and Mr. Garforth was gone to Shawbury to bring Pim home once again to the schoolhouse. Through many hours of the day I had carried the darling child—a light burden now—to and fro in the deserted schoolroom, resting now and then, but only for a few minutes, for she would lie in no other arms than mine. Felicia followed us unceasingly, with hopeless and helpless eyes seeking mine to ask unutterable questions. She was asleep now upon

my lap, as she had slept the first night we had found her; and Felicia, on a low chair upon the hearth, had buried her face from all sight and sound, in an attitude of motionless anguish. The room was as still as it had been then, except for the moan of the child; yet they entered so noiselessly, with such a solemn hush of care, that I did not know they were come, until Mr. Garforth laid his hand upon my head, and I looked up into poor old Pim's face stooping over us, with tears streaming down his pale and sunken cheeks.

"The Lord love her!" he said; "the dear Lord love her, and keep her forever!"

"Pim," I whispered, "I do so long for the poor mother to be here. The child ought to die in her arms, not mine."

I spoke so softly that the child in its sobbing slumber did not move; but Pim groaned aloud, and stretched out his hands beseechingly to me, while he cast an awe-stricken glance at Felicia. I, too, gazed with terror at the tall, slender, bending figure, gliding towards me with an air of indescribable pleading and humiliation.

"O Bessie, Bessie," she cried, sinking to my feet, and hiding her face in my dress, "I never wanted you to know it; but"—I could hear her heart beat—"but, little Bell is —" She whispered the rest passionately into my ear.

Even at that moment, with the awe and shock of this confession, I looked to Lawrence. His tranquil face smiled back upon me a grave and quiet comfort, while he laid his hand once more gently upon my head.

"Speak to her," urged Pim; "tell her that you'll not cast her off. For your mother's sake, forgive her; God knows what she has suffered. Speak to her, or she'll die, Miss Bessie."

"Little Bell's dear mother is come at last," I said, and the wonderful childish eyes kindled with a strange glow as they gazed up fixedly into mine. "Call your mother, little Bell."

"Mother," breathed the faint voice, and a smile like a feeble moonbeam upon some little mountain stream, glimmered on her face as she turned her wistful eyes away from me in earnest expectation—not vainly, for Felicia was bending over her with the sacred love and anguish of a mother gleaming through her familiar features. The child was satisfied, and lifting feebly her little fingers, let them flutter for a moment playfully upon the mother's forehead and the golden hair falling over it; but the effort lasted only for a moment. A distant forgetting look passed over her innocent face, and once again she spoke to Felicia;

"Good-by, mother," she whispered, with the faintness of death.



From St. James's Magazine.

A NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS.

BY THE HERMIT OF BELORAVIA.

THE day-dreams of my youth, though I have to look back for them through a vista of more than fifty years, how brilliant they seem! I recall them, and they return to me like a sunrise; in truth, they formed the aurora of my existence, and made my horizon beautifully Turner-esque. I call to mind the glow and variety of color which invested all my prospect, as, in the golden leisure of adolescence, I surrendered myself to the fairy influence of the imagination, in my favorite lounging-place when I resided in town—a grassy knoll in one of the shadiest portions of Kensington Gardens, near the grand walk, or mall.

At the period to which I am about to refer, these ornamental grounds had become the favorite promenade and lounge of people of fashion in London for the season, to a much greater extent than they have been since; for the walks were almost exclusively given up to the enjoyment of pedestrians possessing an indisputable claim to what were then imperative social requisites—birth and breeding. Here and there a tradesman's family might be observed unobtrusively threading their way among the throng; and occasionally a few city bucks displayed there their finery and their assurance; but the bulk of the company was unmistakably aristocratic.

Here might be seen most of the celebrities of the day—fashionable or political. Here were sure to be seen the belles of the season, striving, by means of fresh air and exercise, to bring back to their pale cheeks the roses which the late hours of last night's ball had driven away. Here, too, languidly lounged the beaux of the season, as much exhausted by laborious idleness as by habitual dissipation. Here strode the military or naval hero, whose success in his career was established on the sign-boards of the public-houses; and here might be observed all other aspirants for popular favor, from the statesman to the quack doctor; including, of course, the popular preacher, the great tragedian, "the man of the people," and the principal singer at the Italian Opera.

I have often reclined at full length upon the sward, watching the various groups as they moved along the path before me, catch-

ing glimpses of their character with their costume; and there seemed an almost endless variety of both. I looked with as much pleasure as surprise when the country squire would make his appearance in a forgotten fashion, with laced cocked hat, short wig, embroidered coat with deep cuffs, long waistcoat, small black cravat, silk breeches, stockings, and shoes, bearing a china-headed cane in one hand, and with his daughter leaning on his arm. The young lady, in a simple shallow hat with a narrow brim, known as a "gypsy," a long stomached gown laced at the bodice, with short sleeves, terminating at the elbow in a wide ruffle, and swelling all round by means of a hoop—she looked the picture of rustic grace, and he of old-fashioned respectability.

Surtouts, or very long-tailed coats, however, were worn generally by the younger gallants; the skirt long, and bearing a liberal display of gilt buttons and braid. Scarlet waistcoat, ornamented with narrow gold lace, were much in vogue, as well as buckskin breeches; they also wore close-fitting boots, generally with spurs, and carried rattans or riding whips; the hair was concealed by a high-crowned hat, except behind, where it was tied in a pigtail.

The younger ladies wore broad-brimmed hats, ornamented with large bows of ribbon; their hair was powdered, frizzled at the sides, and fell in curls behind. They often wore riding-habits of the length of ordinary dresses.

The sporting gentleman was distinguished by his long green coat, having a high collar and short cuffs, his tight buckskin breeches descending to the ankle, and buttoned above as well as below the knee, as well as by his low top-boots and heavy riding-whip.

They passed along, the lively ones talking and laughing merrily, the grave-looking, dignified and reserved, courteously giving salutations to their acquaintances or walking by persons to whom they did not care to be known, with studied indifference. The ancient dowagers and venerable bachelors, in the fashions of their youth, might be seen earnestly gossiping on the tittle-tattle of the hour, or as eloquently declaiming against the degeneracy of the rising generation.

I liked most to watch the young ladies belonging to the fashionable seminaries that had been established in the neighborhood.



These were very select, exclusively for finishing the education of the daughters of persons of wealth and position. I was aware, therefore, that they were as well worth knowing as many of them unquestionably were well worth admiring. There did not, however, seem much chance of my becoming acquainted with any one of them; for they filed past me, looking fresh, innocent, and happy, and totally indifferent to my presence,—one or two sometimes taking a furtive glance in my direction, as though to ascertain whether I was as intent upon the book I held as I appeared to be.

Slight as this foundation was, it sufficed for many a day-dream. I lived upon these stray glances, built upon them the most magnificent *chateaux en Espagne*, and flourished as much upon the airy diet as upon the aerial architecture. Nothing came of it. Day after day passed. I beheld these beautiful girls, who never failed—for the most beautiful were invariably the most inquisitive—to glance at my recumbent form and open volume of "Sir Charles Grandison;" but they quietly continued their promenade, and were soon lost to sight, but not to memory. How many heiresses have I dreamt of marrying on the strength of those random glances! What golden visions of mingled rank, fortune, and beauty, have visited my pillow—hours after the lovely pageant had faded from my view! What glorious prospects of fame, of grandeur, and of dignity, have followed on the receding footsteps of that graceful company! They proved entirely unsubstantial; and, to get out of the way of such delusions, I retired to a more private part of the Gardens, where I hoped to be able to enjoy my reading without the interruption of such Alnaschar speculations.

The place I now selected was in a grove of tall trees, and under the spreading branches of one of these I lay with my book, sometimes surrendering myself to the charms of the fashionable fiction, sometimes watching the deer that then grazed in the park, and sometimes observing the children feeding the ducks in the pond within a few yards of my position.

I had been so absorbed in this occupation, that I had not perceived the approach of a small band of young ladies, who, attended by two teachers or governesses, had taken

possession of the grove, apparently without being aware of my presence. The first announcement I had of their neighborhood was given in a chorus of laughing exclamations, and glancing round the trunk against which my back had been leaning, I beheld five singularly beautiful girls, dressed most elegantly, playing the game of "puss in the corner," while two fashionable-looking matrons were sitting on the grass at a short distance, encouraging them with shouts as joyful as their own.

I never saw a more charming picture. The younger ladies were all full grown, of unmistakable social superiority, and no doubt were receiving the final accomplishments and refinements intended to fit them for the elevated position they were expected to fill. One of the elder ladies—still in the prime of life—possessed remarkable personal attractions, and her demeanor and general appearance indicated a lady thoroughly qualified to perfect the most ambitious aspirant for fashionable distinction. Her companion appeared to be a few years her junior, was less stylish in her manner, but was well dressed, and evidently well bred. Both were in high good-humor, and called to the girls by their christian names, so that I very shortly was able to distinguish them individually, and knew which was referred to.

I have seen many paintings that represented the pastimes of courtly youth and loveliness, but the most charming Watteau fell short of the grace expressed in the game at romps I beheld performed by that "bevy of fair women." I was thoroughly fascinated. What I had seen before in the casual glances that had been so suggestive to my imagination, could not for a moment be compared to the marvellous attractions displayed in the graceful movements, the unstudied attitudes, the exquisite expression of face, and the musical cadence of voice, that now charmed both my vision and my ear.

Could I help the day-dream that opened before me like an alluring mirage, as I fixed my fascinated gaze on one and then on another? That divinity in the open gown and richly laced petticoat, who was called Charlotte, should be my heiress, and place me on the lofty pedestal I earnestly desired to mount. A few moments later I chose to be indebted for all the best gifts of life to the elegant creature in the Ranelagh tippet.

Presently my imagination roved from the lovely Madelina to the beautiful Susan, in the sky-blue saque, whom I selected as my guardian angel and benefactress. Anon I could not resist the charms of the arch and playful goddess in the polonaise, whom I had heard appealed to as Louisa. Again I was in the seventh heaven of ecstasy and gratitude, under the rosy auspices of that model of tenderness and modesty called Georgiana, distinguishable by her long silken hair, partly confined by a spotted therese. In short, I was, as it were, in a circle of dreams, that recommenced as soon as it concluded.

But what could be the use of my remaining where I was? The result must be even more unsatisfactory than that produced by the stray glances from the fair promenaders in the grand walk. There my innamoratas had seen me, at any rate;—I might have made some little impression upon them: but here I was altogether in the background, unheeded and unseen.

Yet, to make my vicinity known seemed likely to be attended with more hazard than I could induce myself to risk. The scene was too fairy-like to continue were any mortal interruption attempted. The delightful game at romps would stop in a moment, and the exquisitely charming players would rapidly retire far beyond the scope of my observation. I could not betray myself; I remained behind the tree as still as death, but with every nerve in my youthful frame as full of life as of love.

Fortune rewarded my patience in a manner that a mind the most suggestive of fortuitous resources could never have imagined. With a suddenness that was almost supernaturally startling, the happy game ceased, and in place of the joyous mirth that had hitherto prevailed, the most agonizing shrieks rent the air; the laughing faces became terror-stricken, and the whole group made a frantic rush towards their elder companions, who rose from their seats, screaming loudly, evidently as frightened as themselves.

I sprang up bewildered and confused, without knowing why; but as I gained my feet, and glanced in the direction in which the ladies were gazing, as they clung to each other, I observed a rough ill-conditioned mongrel running, with protruding tongue and fiery eyes, into the grove, and making

direct for the screaming girls and their equally frightened attendants. At the same time I caught the sound of distant shouting, and could discern a mob of boys and men, mostly armed with heavy sticks, following, but too far off to be of the slightest assistance.

I had no weapon of any kind, nor was there anything near of which I could have made use. The screams redoubled in violence as the rabid creature, foaming at the mouth, sprung at the nearest of the horrified group. Before, however, his fangs had time to close upon his victim, I had leaped from my concealment, between the frenzied girls and the object of their alarm, and with all my force had dealt a kick at his head, which hurled him against the nearest tree. While he was quivering under the shock, I seized him by the ears and tail; then, taking a few quick steps and a spring, flung the carcass into the deepest part of the pond, where it instantly sunk, and was seen no more.

The children and nursery-maids had scattered in all directions, and when I came back to the ladies, most of whom were still under the influence of their fright, I was met in a manner for which I was totally unprepared.

"Here's the gallant laddie!" exclaimed the younger of the matrons to the other, and leaving her hysterical companion, she sprang forward, and flung her arms around my neck. "Ye've done a gude deed the day, and none o' us is like to forget it. Ye'll just gang home wi' my sister and the lassies, and we'll, may be, be better able to show our sense of the obligation ye ha' put us all under, than it's possible in the like o' such a place as this."

I modestly replied, expressing my gratification at having been near enough to interpose in time, but disclaiming any merit in the deed. The "lassies" were evidently too deeply affected to speak; they were trying to suppress their sobs, but looked the gratitude they felt. The other lady now came forward, and seizing my hand in both her own, pressed it warmly.

"If you will have the kindness to accompany me," she said, with a slight Scottish accent, her voice trembling with emotion, "you will afford us all a very great pleasure. Please to give me your arm. My dear girls, walk home as quickly as you can."

The young ladies proceeded in school fashion, the sister helping to make the third couple, behind which the principal and myself followed. I should have been astonished at the novel position in which I found myself, but my companion, by degrees recovering her spirits, talked to me incessantly, and in a manner so friendly and so animated, that my attention was completely absorbed. I could not help seeing that all the members of the fair rank and file before me, kept constantly turning their heads round, perhaps to nod at their good-humored, yet dignified instructress; perhaps, suggested vanity, to look at the fortunate youth whom she was leading to their maiden domicile—a rare distinction, I felt assured.

When we arrived at the gates of the park, an apology was made to me for the carriage not being in waiting. I was perfectly content with my position, and walked on with increasing satisfaction, till we stopped at a large gate in one of the West End squares, through which we entered into a courtyard, having a carriage-drive before a large mansion. As I passed into the hall, everything I saw assured me that I was in an establishment of the most fashionable character. Servants in a handsome livery came forward, but my guide followed her youthful charges up a broad staircase, carpeted with crimson cloth, till we came to a handsome suite of drawing-rooms, furnished with as much taste as luxury.

It was lucky we arrived when we did, for almost immediately afterwards it came on to rain, and the clouds gave every indication of a settled down-pour, likely to last for hours. The weather did not affect my spirits; I was too much pleased with my position to care for out-of-door influences; indeed, I could not help congratulating myself on my singular good fortune. In my most flattering day-dreams I had never imagined myself an inmate of what was evidently a "Finishing Establishment for Young Ladies," on an unprecedentedly expensive scale,—under the same roof with five of the most attractive heroines who ever conferred immortality on prose fiction; of whom, moreover, every one, I was convinced, was not only an heiress, but was entitled by birth to the highest social privileges.

In less than half an hour we had all sat down to a capital luncheon, served on plate;

indeed, the luxury, apparent in everything that fell under my observation, assured me that only families of large wealth could send their daughters to so exclusive an establishment.

I must own that I could not see what "finishing" the pupils required, and felt curious to know what they could have to learn; for, as far as I could judge, they were thoroughly accomplished, and it seemed to me to be full time that they took their destined places in the circle they were so well fitted to adorn.

If, by the way, there had been any delay in this transplantation of the pupils, they were all quite indifferent to it. Though at first they talked of the escape they had had, they presently began to laugh at their terror. In short, a reaction commenced as they sat around the pleasant meal, and before it had concluded they were in the highest spirits, complimenting me on my heroism, and joking about the nature of the obligation they had incurred.

As they continued to be called by their christian names, I, when I had occasion to address them, was obliged to do the same; but to avoid appearing familiar, I added the prefix "Miss," which amused them exceedingly.

When luncheon was over, I was about to retire, but the weather continuing very stormy, my hostess easily persuaded me to stay. She then asked her pupils if they could not contrive something by way of entertaining me. There was a hurried consultation, and then they all laughingly ran out of the room.

I was conversing with the principal and her sister, each rivalling the other in the liveliness of her remarks, when the folding-doors suddenly opened, and a gigantic figure, with a profusion of sandy hair round a face remarkable chiefly for a very freckled complexion, stalked in, clad in the Highland costume, and bearing a set of silver-mounted bagpipes.

"It's only our piper," said my hostess to me, noticing my stare of astonishment.

For what possible purpose could such an instrument be required in such an establishment? I asked myself, and of course asked in vain. The grim figure saluted my companions with a solemn genuflection, which they returned with a friendly nod; and

then, ensconcing himself in a recess, he commenced a skreel, which startled me by the piercing loudness of its tone. After a few horrid sounds of this kind, he began to play a brisk dance tune.

He had not proceeded beyond the first few bars, when a side door opened, and in rushed what I at first took to be a squad of young soldiers, in a garb familiar to me as the uniform of a newly raised Scottish regiment, called the Gordon Fencibles. Greatly to my surprise, on a nearer approach I recognized the lovely faces of the young ladies who had so recently quitted the apartment.

Though amazed at the metamorphoses, amazed still more at such strange proceedings in a place I thought must be sacred to the feminine proprietress, I was really bewildered when the fair troop rushed at me, seized me by the arms, and sportively dragged me into the centre of the room.

"It's just a six-handed reel the lassies are spiering for," observed the sister; "so ye need na be fashed."

In a moment they had all got into a line, having me in the centre; the tune recommenced, and they began moving their nimble feet rapidly to the inspiring measure, throwing their graceful arms about, snapping their fingers, adjusting their bonnets, and going through all the lively manœuvres employed by Scottish dancers performing that national dance.

Could it be a dream? I thought, as I stood facing the peerless Charlotte, looking doubly fascinating in the plaid and philibeg, tartan stockings, and silver buckles to her delicate shoes. A strong pair of arms whirling me round assured me that I was wide awake, and I found myself in front of the lovely Madelina, rendered a thousand times more lovely by her picturesque dress and animated gestures. Another whirl sent me spinning, till I faced the exquisitely charming Susan, looking like a Highland Hebe, as she maintained her saltatory exercise. Out of my admiration I was again forcibly ejected, and came before the arch features of the lively Louisa, lighted up with an animation that ought to have softened the stoniest heart; and I was delivered out of this temptation by another vigorous twirl, which brought me *vis-à-vis* with the modest, tender, graceful Georgiana,—the most dangerous to gaze upon of them all.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 987

A company of frantic Bacchantes could not more completely have surrendered themselves to the delirious ecstasies of their worship, than did my fair companions to the wild enjoyment of their present pastime. They turned, they bounded, they bent forward, they stooped sideways, they waved their arms and patted the floor with their feet, laughing—I may say screaming—an hilarious chorus to the piercing music of the merry pipes.

Can this be the approved method of finishing young ladies of high connections? I asked myself over and over again, as I turned from the animated face of each youthful beauty to their equally demonstrative instructress.

My bewilderment presently subsiding a little, I addressed myself heartily to my cavalier duties. The figure was familiar to me, as the dance was a favorite one at the time; so in a very few minutes I took my full share of the exercise, and acquitted myself in a manner that not only won me enthusiastic plaudits from all the ladies, but drew a grim smile upon the cherubimic cheeks of the iron-visaged piper.

Completely as I entered into the spirit of the scene, I could not help thinking it a strange exhibition for a finishing establishment for young ladies about to enter the most exclusive portion of fashionable society; but the open encouragement given by the teachers to their madcap pupils convinced me that it was a part of a regular course of "calisthenics," or of something of that kind.

While the fun was waxing most fast and furious, a liveried domestic made his appearance at the folding-doors, and said something which the wild music and the wilder mirth prevented me from hearing. Suddenly my fair partners ceased their evolutions and their merry clamor, and with scared looks rushed in a body out of the room by the side entrance. The piper ceased. The two matrons then rose and proceeded quickly into the anteroom, at the end of which I could see them, through the opening folding-doors, courtesying very lowly to a venerable dame and two or three younger females who had just entered.

"Hist!" cried a voice.

I turned sharply round—the piper had disappeared—and I beheld the head of an



old man projecting through another door, which I had not before noticed. Half the person was presently thrown forward, and a hand beckoned me mysteriously.

Involuntarily I answered the summons, and was soon in an adjoining chamber.

"They're awaiting to see ye," said an elderly, gentleman-like person, in a confidential whisper; "so ye must e'en gang wi' me for a wee half-hour."

I followed my conductor down a staircase, under the impression that I was about to rejoin my fascinating partners. I was very shortly undeceived. On descending to the ground-floor I was conducted along a passage into a spacious apartment, comfortably, though more plainly furnished than those I had quitted. The door closed behind me, and I found myself in the presence of a group of dignified personages, who greeted me with an eager cordiality as I entered, one or two with so strong a Scottish accent that I could scarcely understand what they meant.

With my usual quickness of comprehension I immediately set them down as the professional staff attached to the institution. The Frenchman in the black suit was, of course, an abbé who taught the modern languages—the tall gentleman in the green coat was the professor of moral philosophy—the little dapper figure in the long riding-coat and stiff pigtail was the dancing-master—the stately lady in the chintz gown, the music-mistress—and the tall, stiff, half-pay-captain-looking individual, in the red waist-coat, and whiskers to match, was the drilling-master.

Their faces overflowed with smiles. Their tongues were eloquent with kindness and commendation. They referred to my timely interposition to rescue "their ladies," as an act of heroism that gave me a claim to their life-long devotion. They rivalled each other in the demonstrative earnestness of their admiration; but the dignified intructress in thorough-bass appeared to be gushing over with gratitude for the service I had rendered the establishment.

I felt exceedingly confused under an ordeal so completely unexpected. I really did not know what to say. At last, when all the company were hanging upon my words like so many ardent searchers into futurity awaiting the responses of an oracle, I blurted out,—

"Will you have the goodness to inform me whose school this is?"

A bomb-shell bursting in a dove-cote could scarcely have produced greater commotion than did this most unlucky question. They all recoiled as if each had received a shot. Their several physiognomies changed their expression in a singularly marked contrast. They looked astonishment, horror, indignation, shame, and rage.

"*Une école!*" cried the abbé, with a withering glance. "*Mort de ma vie!* vat do you mean, monsieur, by such gross affront of me?"

"A school!" shrieked the portly gentleman, blazing with fury and contempt; "why, Mr. Thingembob, what in the world do you take us for?"

"A schule!" shouted the fiery-whiskered half-pay captain, looking as ferocious as a cannibal after a protracted fast. "Do ye ken what ye say, ye graceless ne'er-do-weel? Had I but my gude claymore, I'd cut ye in twa wi' no more remorse than if ye were a chicken with the pip."

The others strode towards me with scowling brows and clenched fists. In truth, they looked so menacing that an apprehension suddenly seized me that I must have been inveigled into a private madhouse; and, on the impulse of fear, I rushed to the door, opened it, and ran along the passage towards the hall, as fast as I could.

"The Duchess of Richmond's carriage!" shouted a stentorian voice.

I stopped suddenly at the foot of the principal staircase. Looking up towards the first landing, where stood a splendid group of sculpture, I noticed the peerless Charlotte, descending, robed as I had seen her in the Gardens. She was alone. She caught sight of me immediately, and her face became radiant with smiles. She held out her gloved hand. At a bound I was at her side.

"I thought you had become tired of our company, and had gone away."

Every word thrilled me like a gentle shock of electricity. I took the offered hand, and led her down the stairs, and through the hall, and under the portico, murmuring something incoherently. The rain had ceased, and the sun was shining brightly. I was just in time to see the scarlet liveries of a royal carriage passing out of the gates of the courtyard. From the other, a splendid equipage dashed



up to the entrance. Three tall footmen, in magnificent liveries, jumped from the back and opened the door.

I led forward my beautiful companion. She sprang into the vehicle, but scarcely was she seated, and the door closed, when she put out her hand, as if for a parting shake.

"The duke will be delighted to make your acquaintance," she said, in a soft, musical voice; "be sure to pay us an early visit."

I bowed over, and reverently kissed the hand I held, but not a word was I able to utter, so great was my flurry and excitement. The next minute she was lost to my view. I could only see the clustering footmen, as the brilliant equipage passed into the square.

"The Lady Sinclair's carriage!" was shouted from the hall as I re-entered the house. Involuntarily I glanced upwards, and there beheld the lovely Madelina, absolutely inviting me to join her. It did not take two seconds to bring me on the same stair.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" she asked, placing her arm within mine, in a quiet, matter-of-course way, that to me was as fascinating as her charming features. "I could not tell what had become of you."

Nor could I have told, at least, rationally, what had become of myself. She did not appear to notice my embarrassment, but kept talking, in the kindest tone of voice, as we passed through the domestics out of the entrance door.

"Any of the servants will tell you where Sir Robert Sinclair lives," she murmured out of the carriage window. "We shall be glad to see you whenever you are passing that way."

The vehicle was hardly out of sight when I turned back.

"The Duchess of Manchester's carriage!" came from a stentor in plush, as I rapidly passed by him, having caught sight of a descending figure on the staircase. In a moment the exquisitely charming Susan welcomed me with both hands extended.

"I thought you would not leave us without saying good-by," she said, as if I had been an old friend. "I should have regretted parting from one who has laid me under so heavy an obligation, without an opportunity of expressing my grateful sense of it. But the duke will do this for me better than I can do it for myself. Of course you will come

and be introduced to the duke—say to-morrow, at noon?"

I was ready to promise anything, though in a state of mind that was far from conducive to a careful performance. I was, however, obliged to repeat the promise before her equipage was driven away.

"The Marchioness Cornwallis's carriage!" rang out through the hall as I leaped up the stairs, three at a time, to meet the lively Louisa. She recognized me with the silvery laugh that had attracted me towards her when I lay behind the tree, watching and listening, as if spell-bound.

"O you naughty fellow!" she exclaimed, "what in the world could have made you hide yourself, when your presence was so much desired? Now hand me to my carriage without stopping to invent an excuse."

I went through the same process in identically the same state of bewilderment.

"Have the goodness to remember that we breakfast at ten," she added, putting her laughing face half out of the still open door of her equipage; "and mind that you don't keep the marquis waiting, for he will be dreadfully impatient to see you after I shall have told him to-day's adventure."

I bowed in acquiescence as she disappeared.

"The Duchess of Bedford's carriage!" bawled the footman, as another magnificent vehicle drove up. Scarcely had I heard the announcement when I found myself escorting the graceful Georgiana—the youngest, the freshest, the most lovable of that matchless group of youthful beauties. She placed her arm in mine with a look of pleasure that made the modest, tender expression of her features radiant as an angel's. But she did not address me till she was about to place her foot upon the carriage step, when she gave me her hand.

"We shall expect you," she said, as though she were addressing a brother. "My husband would blame me very much if I did not insist on your giving him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with you. *Au revoir!*"

I thought I perceived a blush mantling her fair cheek as she acknowledged my bow, when the horses dashed forward. I stood still under the portico.

"Am I asleep or awake?" I asked myself. "It *must* be a day-dream. I am still under the favorite tree in Kensington Gar-

dens, and these duchesses are, of course, the ideal creations of a very vain and very suggestive imagination."

If anybody had rudely knocked me over the head, I might have got summarily rid of my delusions; but as I went back through the hall, the double row of liveried servants bowing to me as I proceeded, increased my perplexity and confusion. Once more I rushed up the staircase. I *would* fathom the mystery by which I felt so thoroughly bewildered.

Unannounced, I rushed into the drawing-room. The sisters were sitting together, laughing heartily. They rose as I entered. I began to stammer out an apology. This only increased their mirth for a moment or two. Then each took me by an arm, and made me sit between them.

"You've made a little mistake," said the elder matron, in a manner likely to place me at my ease; "but nothing could be more natural. To-day is my birthday, and my daughters, who are all married, came to breakfast with me this morning, after which they enticed me and their aunt, who is staying here, to enjoy an hour of the fine weather in Kensington Gardens. There, getting into a retired place, free, as they fancied, from observation, they must needs disport themselves like so many schoolgirls. They had arranged the subsequent dance, in compliment to me and the regiment I was mainly instrumental in raising; but while it was proceeding, we were interrupted by a visit from her majesty Queen Charlotte, and their royal highnesses the princesses."

This explanation increased my amazement tenfold.

"May I ask," I stammered out, "whom I have the honor of addressing?"

The beautiful face seemed about to lose its temporary gravity.

"She's no exactly a schulemiestress," observed the sister, with evidently an enforced seriousness; "and ye quite scandalized Mrs. McTaggart, the housekeeper, and the upper servants, when ye put sic an affront upon them as to take them for teachers and dominies, and sic like."

"Then pray tell me who it is to whom I must apologize?" cried I, starting up.

"Na, na!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Scotchwoman; "ye meant na offence, lad-die, and ye did us a grand service. The mistake's just no mair than a joke to laugh at, and we'll be fast friends fra this day, for your gallantry in getting us a' so well quit o' that horrid beast."

I was still too much embarrassed to do more than stare at the kindly speaker.

"I'm Lady Wallace, of Cragie," she added, "and this is my sister, THE DUCHESS OF GORDON."

The mystery was at once cleared up. I had often heard of the beautiful duchess, and her still more beautiful daughters, for they had for many seasons been "the observed of all observers" in the world of fashion; but I had never seen them. My part in this Comedy of Errors, therefore, had been easy enough.

At last I was permitted to make my adieux. Her grace sent me a handsome *cadeau*, and never failed to treat me with the greatest possible kindness when I chose to make one in the very large circle of her friends, that assembled either in Scotland or in London. As for her daughters, whenever I met either of them subsequently, I was sure to be reminded of the incidents of that brightest day of my youth, when I added to the number of my friends the handsome portion of the peerage to be found in that matchless family group.

#### LINES FOR MUSIC.

THE dædal fanes of rosy light  
Are clinging round the amber dawn,  
And crimson isles of verdure bright  
Lie bathed in odor freshly drawn.  
The vesper fire of vernal touch  
Ascends with starlike foot the snow,  
While hearts of gold that love too much  
Are cradled fair in sleep below.

Undying crimson swells and curls  
O'er limpid wild and lustrous bay,  
And shower on shower of crystal pearls  
On music's pinions glide and stray.  
From fairy harps the faintest string  
Is left to deck thy golden hair,  
And Beauty's own eternal spring  
With sweeter pang is quivering there.  
—Punch.

From Good Words.

## MEDITATIONS IN ADVENT.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

## I.

It seems very difficult to conceive that the usual course of this world should ever be broken in upon by such an event as the coming of our Lord. It forms one of the most startling contrasts possible, to place side by side the common every-day thoughts of all of us about things around us, and the reality of the appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ in the midst of us. Of what is this a sign? On the one hand, do not let us press it further than is fair. I suppose something of the kind is the case with us about all very solemn things. We all know we must die; but a sentence of death, or the discovery of that fatal necessity imminent on us, would be to any of us a rude shock to our ordinary habits and thoughts. We all believe the holy articles of our faith; but there are times in the lives of us all, times of which we have no reason to be ashamed, when the mention of these solemn points of our belief would come in strangely and incongruously. So that I think we must not hold the fact with which we set out to be in itself a sign of irreligion. It is rather, perhaps, a necessity of our nature. God has so made us that we are necessarily taken hold of and possessed by the things about us. The things that are not seen are of infinitely more importance; but it is the things that are seen which are present and nearest us. We must make an effort to look at the one; the other we cannot help seeing. And so it is, that while God has constituted us beneficently in this respect, so that this tendency of our nature is good for us in the main, — good for our preservation in life, good for our enjoyment of life, good for our success in life — yet, like all our other natural tendencies and habits, it needs correcting, needs elevating, needs to be interfered with for the purposes of our best and highest life. For we are not, while in this present state, to be the slaves of outward things; and by far the greater part of our existence will be passed in another state than this, even an eternal one.

Thoughts like these, naturally arising out of the great subject of Advent, seem to lead us to shape our meditations thus: The *difficulty* of realizing our Lord's coming, as

necessarily belonging to our ordinary life in this world; and the *necessity* of realizing the Lord's coming, as belonging to the better part of our life here, and to our higher life hereafter. May God guide and bless us while we think on these two things.

"Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come." This is our belief. But *when?* and *how?* How many centuries have sped by since these words were written! How many more may drag on before they are fulfilled! Where in our own days, where in days future, can we assign a time when we can realize the fact of His coming? Shall it be while earth is at peace, amidst the steady labors of the arts, and while man's thoughts are even and undistracted? Shall the merchant on the exchange, the student at his desk, the traveller on his journey, the mother in her family duties, the children in their school or at their play, be startled with the cry of His approach? So seem some places in Holy Scripture to teach us; and yet how difficult to imagine it! What do any of us expect less, than such a surprise to such employments? What seems more unlike God's ways of dealing with man during all these centuries, than that such a sudden crash should break in upon this settled order of things, which He has so far established, that it is our duty to Him to see it maintained, and to keep its place among ourselves? Well, but let us then take the other alternative. Shall that day come upon us amidst fierce wars and distresses, when men's passions are let loose, and their thoughts have lost balance? Shall the ears of the wild combatants in the battle-field be pierced by the shout of the archangel rising over the din of their conflict? Shall the lurid glare of burning homes usher in the conflagration of the heaven and the earth? Shall anguish and mourning be already upon mankind before that sign shall appear in heaven at which all the tribes of the earth shall mourn? This again seems not inconsistent with the testimony of Scripture in other places. But in that case, how difficult to imagine God's faithful people waiting and praying; how must their thoughts be distracted, and their Saviour put out of their sight by the dire necessities of the time! If the Christian prays against sudden death, if he dreads the passing from perhaps a light jest, or a trifling thought, or a festal mo-

ment, to the presence of his God, who would expect that the Church shall then, so to speak, be taken at a disadvantage, when fierce passions are raging even in bosoms whose law is forgiveness, and the ordinary means of grace are suspended? Again, if we put the alternative as to different times of our ordinary life, we shall find it equally difficult to give reality to our expectations of the Lord's coming. Hear what the poet sings of it:—

"At midnight when mankind is wrapt in peace,  
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams:  
To give more dread to man's most dreadful  
hour,  
At midnight, 'tis presumed, this pomp will burst  
From tenfold darkness: sudden as the spark  
From smitten steel: from nitrous grain the  
blaze.  
**Man**, starting from his couch, shall sleep no  
more!  
The day is broke, which never more shall  
close!"

Now as to this,—we know that "that day will come as a thief in the night; and to some it must, like the thief, come in the night itself. But it is impossible to apply this to all mankind, seeing that night and day share our globe alike, and such a consideration entirely prevents any general application of such a description, or of any description of men's occupations, except on the largest scale, when it shall overtake them. They shall be "eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, buying and selling, planting and building;" these shall be their general employments over the whole earth; on such things shall their thoughts be; but to give any detailed description of the circumstance as applicable to all men is, from the above reason, impossible. Then again, as to the *place* where the Lord shall come, how difficult it is to form any idea in our minds which may at all accord with the facts and laws of nature to which we find ourselves subjected! He shall come and be seen by all; by all at the same moment; so that the very conditions of our senses will be changed, the very foundations of the earth broken up, all present hindrances removed. All the channels of thought and perception must be different, before such a thing can be. And here we seem to have arrived at the true reason of the difficulty which we find in conceiving this matter,—that it does not belong to our present state or perceptions; we shall be

changed before we are conscious of it; in that change, all incongruity will pass away; after it, all surprise will have vanished in its surpassing greatness. Our eyes will see the Lord, but not these eyes, whose vision is limited by so brief a space; not these, which find obstacles in matter intervening; not these, which weep earthly tears, and glance aside at earthly vanities. Our ears will hear the voice before which heaven and earth shall flee away; but not these earthly organs, ever hearing amiss, unable to distinguish the good from the vain. Our hearts shall beat high at the joy of our Lord's approach; yet not these feeble ones, the strongest of which would be arrested in its vital course by terror at the very adjuncts of his coming: but other and more blessed ones, even new hearts, able to welcome all his glory, and to respond to all his love. We shall be changed—through the grave or without the grave—all changed, so that earth will be different to us, time will be different, other men will be different, ourselves will be different; for He that sitteth on the Throne will have made all things new.

The difficulty, then, in conceiving the coming of the Lord is incident to our present state, belongs to the imperfection of our present faculties, and to their necessary connection with the things of sense and of this world. We shall never lose it. As long as we are in this state, it will be a strange thing to us that the Lord should come and put an end to this state, and break up all the habits and associations of the world which lies about us.

Now this difficulty affects the unbeliever in one way, and the Christian in another. It confirms the unbeliever in his unbelief. "Where is the promise of his coming? for all things remain as they were from the beginning of the creation." This is the language of the unbeliever; in the days of St. Peter, and in our days. The stability of Nature and her laws, the difficulty of conceiving the Lord's coming in upon and interrupting the present order of things, is to them a reason for disbelieving altogether that He will come: for setting at naught the hopes of the Christian Church, and expecting that this world is to last forever as it is.

On the Christian believer, the effect is very different. He, if he be wise, does not



pretend in this matter to be differently situated from other men. Their difficulties are his difficulties. He can no more realize the dread and sudden event than they can. Where it is to be, how it is to be, these are mysteries to him as to others. But what is his conclusion from these difficulties and mysteries? Is it this, that he should relax his hold on belief in the great fact itself; that he should let go his faith in him who hath promised, and cease to look and wait for the coming of the Lord? Nay, if I know anything of the ordinary course of the working of the Christian's thoughts, it is the direct reverse of this. The certainty of the event itself is beyond doubt. All Scripture is pledged to it; our Lord's own most sacred word is pledged to it again and again. If the assurance, "He that shall come will come," had never been written, it would yet have been virtually written over and over again, that He will come, and will not tarry. Here there can be no giving way. This at least is an article of his faith: and without believing this, he could not be the Christian which he is. What then is his inference from this difficulty on which we have been treating? from the fact, that is, that this solemn coming of his Lord is a matter not belonging to the state of time, not easily occurring to, nor grasped by, our present senses and faculties? What can it be but this,—that it needs so much the more to be thought upon, to be made matter of earnest meditation, to be surveyed in all its great bearings on his thoughts and desires, on his affections and determinations? Seeing these things are so, "What manner of men," as St. Peter asks, "ought we to be?" Seeing it is certain that this present state of things will come to a sudden end by the Advent of our Lord, how ought we to think of men and things around us; how to make our plans; how truly to enjoy life; how to deny ourselves; how to feel God's presence about and over us; how to war against sin and evil; how to perform the various duties of our stations for which we shall on that day be called to account? For this is another result of that of which we have been speaking: that our preparation for that day must rather consist in the things that are, than in those which are to be. Its events are great, and beyond our comprehension: strange, and removed out of our experience. If we were always to be dwelling on them,

ever speculating on them, we should be forsaking our line of practical good, and unfitting ourselves for God's work which lies in every man's path of life. Nay, the attempt would be vain; vain, as we saw, for any worthy comprehension which it would give us of that day; vain, for any imagined success in throwing off the realities of this state in which we are. For the *present*, which lies about a man, wraps him like a garment, and gives the form and semblance to all his thoughts and deeds; the age in which a man lives in the very flesh and blood of his personal being, and he can no more divest himself of it and be separate from it, than he can divest himself of those and be separate from them.

In our daily work, then, it is that we must prepare for Christ's coming; in the occupations of this day, for the account of that day; by living more purely, more truthfully, more charitably; living more in prayer, more in consciousness of God's presence, more in the cleansing power of the Lord's blessed Atonement, and by the guidance of his indwelling Spirit.

One thought may perhaps have been in some minds, as they have been reading these lines, and it is this, Will not the Lord's coming, to most of us, in all probability be the day of our own death? And would it not be more profitable to be preparing us for that, than to speak to us of an event which may be far distant, and probably will not come on the earth in our time at all? To this question there are two answers,—answers which ought to be ever impressed on a Christian's mind. First, the view of things proposed by the inquirer is not that taken in Holy Scripture, which is the rule and pattern of our teaching. There we do not hear anything of preparation for *death*. I doubt whether one text can be found in which we are exhorted to make such preparation, *as such*. But the constant note, the continually recurring exhortation is, to be prepared for the Lord's coming. So that if we would teach as God's Word teaches, as our blessed Lord and his apostles taught, we cannot do as the inquirer would have us. Our second answer goes to the reason of the thing, and in fact gives the account and lays open the foundation of the former. He who is prepared for the Lord's coming is necessarily also prepared for his own death. The



greater includes the less. He who so lives, so thinks, so speaks, so works, in his daily life, as to be ready for the sign of the Son of man in heaven, and the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, will not be found unready when the summons is heard in a softer tone, and comes with more previous warning. If he can meet the Lord amidst the flaming heavens and the gathering dead, he will not be loath to obey his call when its dread reality is tempered with all gentle and kindly alleviation—with the gradual approaches of sickness and infirmity, and the tender solaces of loving friends and watchful attendants. But, on the other hand, he who has forgotten his Lord's coming, and has simply been careful about readiness for his own dismissal, will ever be too liable in the lesser thing to have neglected care for the greater; and he will also be wellnigh certain to have lowered his standard of attainment, and narrowed his sympathies, unworthily; in taking thought for himself, to have forgotten the great Body of which he is a member; in minding his own safety, to have forgotten the glory of his Lord—nay, his very Lord himself.

For—and with this thought we will draw to a close—there is nothing that so much takes a man out of himself; nothing that so much raises and widens his thoughts and

sympathies; nothing that so much purifies and elevates his hopes, as this preparation for the coming of the Lord.

One word more. And it is on words occurring in a text already more than once referred to, "Yet a little while." I said it was not good to speculate, not good to give scope to the roving fancy, as to the great event, its manner, or its time. Still these words, "Yet a little while," should be impressed on every mind. Could we look at the future as we do on the past,—could we estimate the interval of time between the Lord's first and second coming, as we shall do when we look back on it from the eternal state,—how short it it would seem! And how short it really is to Him who inhabiteth eternity! "Yet a little while,"—long perhaps to us, distracted with our petty interests, harassed with our unresting cares, biassed by our cherished prejudices; but in itself, and in our real lifetime, short indeed. And if but a little while, how much the more important! How full should it be of life's work, life's seed-time, life's decision!

Oh let us live it for God and for good; let us live it for the day which shall end it; let us live it as we shall wish we had done when we see the Son of man on his Throne, come to judge the world!

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**THE GREAT TIENN-CHING-CHOW.**—The Emperor of China, it seems, like Mr. Lincoln, has been troubled with an inefficient general. He says in a late imperial edict, that Tienn-Ching-Chow, commander-in-chief in the Kouei Tchcou, "has been accused of presenting us incorrect reports, and of not having opposed with sufficient energy, through negligence, the brigands who were devastating our provinces." He examined the charges, found them more or less true, but as the great Tienn-Ching-Chow had performed some services, "silence was observed as to the accusations against him, for we still hoped to have reason to be pleased with his conduct." The edict proceeds:—

"We decided that this general should be informed of our desire of seeing him change his conduct. If he had understood all the greatness of our clemency, he would have endeavored to have only merited our praises, and to have

thus repaired his faults. If he had acted so, he would not have made us repent of having merely addressed reproaches to him which were only intended for his good. On the twelfth moon of last year—that is to say, six months ago—we ordered him to take the field to punish the brigands who infest Tong-Tchenn and Che-Tsiem, towns of the first order. We did not expect to hear that not a single soldier was sent there. This general, now idle, lives quietly in the chief town of his province, without thinking of anything but his own comfort, and no longer shows himself on the fields of battle. He sets at naught our will. Too confident in our magnanimity, he completely forgets himself. He is young, and his conduct is nearly at an end."

In other words, we presume that the emperor meant to chop his head off, which would doubtless "serve him right."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

From Punch.

## THE TWO GEORGES.

SCENE—*The Elysian Fields.*

*Shade of King George III.* What—what—what? Yes—yes—yes. It is Mr. Washington. Don't avoid me, don't avoid me, don't avoid me. No ill feelings here, you know.

*Shade of Mr. George Washington.* I beg your majesty's pardon. I was, I believe, lost in thought, and did not observe whom I was approaching. I offer your majesty my best new-year congratulations on the prosperity of your illustrious descendants.

*Sh. Geo. III.* Thanks, thanks, thanks. Very genteel of you, I am sure, but you were always a gentleman. Yes, all goes well in the tight little island—my granddaughter is the best of queens, my great-granddaughters are the best of princesses, and my great-great-grandbabies are the best of babies. Nothing to say against that, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.

*Sh. Geo. W.* The condition of the British Empire must indeed be highly satisfactory to her former ruler. I regret that, *mutato nomine*, I cannot say the same thing of another nation.

*Sh. Geo. III.* Didn't like to mention it first, no, no, no, no. But as you have mentioned it, no harm in saying that there seems to be rather a pretty kettle of fish on the fire in America.

*Sh. Geo. W.* It is so, sire, and to avail myself of your majesty's very graceful and elegant illustration, I fear there is no fairy to step out of the wall and say, "Fish, fish, art thou in thy duty."

*Sh. Geo. III.* Ha! Very good, very good. Remember that story—saw it in a pantomime with Charlotte at Old Drury—we were very fond of pantomimes, Charlotte and I—great fun to see the clown burn his friend with the hot poker—very good, very good, very good. Suppose you didn't care about pantomimes, eh, Mr. Washington? Too clever for such things. But what's all your cleverness done for America, eh, eh, eh?

*Sh. Geo. W.* I own myself disappointed with results, your majesty, and I wish that the American people had not been such obstinate Tories.

*Sh. Geo. III.* Eh! what? Eh! what? Eh! what? American Tories? Come, come, come, come, a little too good that. American Tories? No, no, that won't do, Jacobins, radicals, levellers, atheists, destructives, what you like, but not Tories, everybody knows that, everybody knows that.

*Sh. Geo. W.* I must, at the risk of being charged with obstinacy, a quality very repugnant to your majesty, adhere to my words.

*Sh. Geo. III.* What? what? Tories, Tories. What d'ye mean, Master George?

*Sh. Geo. W.* I mean, your majesty, that if like Englishmen, the Americans had taken a few revolutions quietly and by instalments, they would not now be murdering one another by the thousand.

*Sh. Geo. III.* I don't see, I don't see.

*Sh. Geo. W.* Your majesty was good enough to come among us about forty years ago. Since that time England has emancipated the Dissenters—

*Sh. Geo. III.* Yes, yes, bad fellows, Dissenters, no doubt of that, except Quakers—and Quakeresses—bad people, Dissenters.

*Sh. Geo. W.* Has emancipated the Papists.

*Sh. Geo. III.* Yes, yes, very wicked thing to do—sooner have lost my head at Whitehall.

*Sh. Geo. W.* Has reformed her Parliament.

*Sh. Geo. III.* Yes, yes, and quite needless; great mistake, let in the mob, ruined the country.

*Sh. Geo. W.* Has abolished the Corn Laws.

*Sh. Geo. III.* Yes, yes, cruel thing to the farmers. I was a farmer myself, they should never have done it if I had been alive.

*Sh. Geo. W.* Has adopted Free Trade.

*Sh. Geo. III.* Yes, yes. Awful error, find it out some day.

*Sh. Geo. W.* And has ceased to admit that she did anything wrong in removing the head of a king who forgot his duty. Come, your majesty, those little matters, spread neatly over forty years, seem to me to make up a series of revolutions in Church and State affairs.

*Sh. Geo. III.* Well, well, well. Yes, yes, yes. If you put it that way, I don't know that you haven't got something to say for yourself; Yes, you hinted that I was obstinate, I understood you, Mr. George, but I don't mind allowing that you have something to say.

*Sh. Geo. W.* Yes, sire, and perhaps I may say one thing more while you are in an assenting temper. But for all these revolutions, I might not have had the honor of congratulating your majesty just now upon the prosperity and security of your Royal House. As for America—we must wait and see.

[Vanishes.]

*Sh. Geo. III.* Eh? eh? eh? He's bolted. Thought I was going to have a victory over him, and he has turned the tables and gained one over me. I don't mind owning that, as there's nobody to hear me. Yes, yes, yes, yes, there's a good deal to be said on that side. Very rude of him, though, now I come to think of it. I'll go and ask Billy Pitt what he says. Six revolutions in forty years. A disagreeable way of putting the matter—very disagreeable—so I'll go and tell it to Charlotte.

[Exit.]

## NAVAL ORDNANCE.

THE elaborate and able report of Capt. Dahlgren, Chief of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance, has appeared in the Northern papers, but its great length and the pressure of departmental reports on our attention have not permitted us either to find room at present for this important report or time for a careful perusal of it. A friend, however, very conversant with the subject, and feeling much interest in it, has furnished us with the annexed notice of the report.—*National Intelligence*.

"The Report of the Chief of the Ordnance Bureau of the Navy, Capt. Dahlgren, is a very able paper, and presents a most thorough and comprehensive summary of the history and present condition of our naval armament and defences. No such document has ever before emanated from the Ordnance Department, embodying so much information, in language so brief and simple that it may be characterized as the very concentration of written thought.

"It discusses the subject of iron-clad vessels, of cast and wrought guns and projectiles, of rifle and round shot, and the comparative destructive effects of these projectiles upon the iron armor. It decides that, if penetration alone be the paramount consideration, rifle shot will have the advantage; but if the concussion and shattering of the plates and wood casing behind them (vastly more destructive to the ship, and likely to end in a short engagement) be the object desired, then the swift heavy round shot will give the direct penetrating blow best adapted to do the work. It shows, what is especially important, that his own model gun of 11-inch calibre, weighing only 16,000 lbs., has proved superior in relative endurance, as to weight of metal and charges of powder, when brought into comparison with the celebrated wrought iron gun of Sir Wm. Armstrong, which weighed 27,000 lbs; that is, it will do greater comparative execution, and carry a shot 80 lbs. heavier than it should be relatively, and 13 lbs. absolutely, than the British gun. The Armstrong under these circumstances has burst, whilst the Dahlgren, with nearly the same number of rounds, exhibited no signs of failure. The projectile of the former weighs 156 lbs. and of the latter 169 lbs. No better argument can be brought in favor of cast iron guns, whose material is distributed in the manner adopted by Capt. Dahlgren—combining the elements of ordnance power to a greater extent than

that of any other gun ever made—as to their efficiency, durability, and safety; and with the improved method of giving greater tenacity to the metal in its treatment by the founder, it is believed that if the British Government will put aside prejudice, and be willing to follow a little in our track, it will ere long, with the approval even of Sir Wm. Armstrong and Sir Howard Douglas, discard wrought iron guns, breech-loaders, and all, from the service. Such is the tendency of the latest experience, and Capt. Dahlgren, with his practical skill and unsurpassed facilities for experimental researches on the largest scale, cannot fail to bring out many new facts in furtherance of such a result. Some statements may have been expected from him in relation to the wrought iron guns of large calibre recently manufactured in this country, some of which had shown great powers of endurance. But it is probable the experiments have not been sufficiently carried out to lead to any well-authorized deductions, such as the fabricators themselves might desire to make public, until they have further improved their processes, and are enabled to produce guns of uniform quality. Nothing could be more unexpected than the results obtained in the use of wrought and cast iron shot of large calibre. It was said on high authority that had the wrought iron shot been used by the *Monitor*, the *Merrimac* could easily have been sunk. Capt. Dahlgren has demonstrated, by recent trials of the best kind of projectiles in the 11-inch guns, that the theory promulgated is directly at variance with the facts, and that, although the cast iron shot breaks, and the wrought iron is only crushed, the latter lodges in the four-and-a-half inch plate, while the former 'passes completely through the plate and nearly through the wooden backing of twenty inches, making a large hole, and badly cracking the plate.'

"We have had time and space to allude to only a few of the important statements of Capt. Dahlgren's report. The whole is deserving the most careful consideration, and we commend it to all as the most concise, thorough, but plain and practical narration of all the important facts connected with the present condition of naval armaments of the United States, as well as of other maritime nations. No one can doubt that in the selection of the chief officer of the Bureau of Ordnance a man of the most eminent qualifications has been found; one who has introduced many improvements into the service, and has acquired a wide reputation as an author."

## CANADIAN OPINION.

A DISTINGUISHED Canadian writes to a gentleman in this country as follows:—

"This is the Great Revolution of the century, and upon it hangs the fate of civilization. The great statesmen and the philosophers of 1776 spoke to humanity at large of the inalienable rights of all, and founded on the virgin soil, almost a wilderness, not a nation merely, on the Old World pattern, but a 'Continental Republic,' a 'Continental Union.' The field was broad and unoccupied, and upon it was to be tried the grand experiment of fusing all races of men into one universal family of peaceable, unarmed, unguarded, unshackled, self-governing and industrious freemen. The sad and barbarous history of Asiatic and European continents, with their confusion of tongues and multiplicity of petty, jealous, rival and ever-warring neighboring nations, periodically decimated by tyrants and conquerors, and famished by the daily spoiler, was to be shunned with horror, and the blessings of a higher and more perfect civilization secured to myriads of fellow-men throughout the whole extent of this new continent by the instrumentality of uniting many into one—*E Pluribus Unum, Nova Constellatio.*

"Is there a man who has read the history of the Old World, who has studied the course of events in North America, *ay, and of South America, too*, for a couple of centuries, and yet can believe that God has not ordained a new system for human society, or who can doubt the issue, or who would allow this crisis to stop at its threshold and cry Enough? Perish, I say emphatically, a million, two millions, any amount of this generation, and its dirt of gold, if Divine Justice requires that amount of sacrifice to wash away the sins of the nations; but let Humanity and Liberty triumph, and the unity of the free continent be secured and perpetuated!"

## LECTURES ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WE directed attention recently to the excellent tract of Mr. Stillé wherein he draws an historical parallel between the Peninsular War and the American Rebellion; deriving therefrom encouragement, based on historical truth, for the ultimate success of the national cause. We also gave a synopsis, a few days since, of a sermon by Mr. Staples of Brooklyn, wherein he points out a remarkable coincidence between the first reception and the subsequent influence of the Declaration of Independence, and that which

has attended the Proclamation of Freedom, and may reasonably be expected to result therefrom.

These and other instances suggest how much light and warmth the Union cause may draw from the records of the past; and especially from the history of our own Revolution. A course of lectures on this subject is in process of delivery at Boston, before the Lowell Institute, by Professor George W. Greene. They have been eminently successful, riveting the attention and eliciting the applause of large and discriminating audiences. Familiar as the subject is in its general aspects and character, few, except historical students, are acquainted with its most significant details or aware of its philosophical scope. Perhaps there is no man in the country better fitted to expound and illustrate the history of the American Revolution than Professor Greene. It has been the study of his life; abroad and at home he has had rare facilities for investigation; moreover, he has in his possession the correspondence, journals, and other papers of his grandfather, General Greene, which are the most valuable and authentic documents as regards the military history of the war, in existence, and they have never been published. These advantages, combined with his ability as a writer and his wide attainments as a student of general history, render Professor Greene not only master of his subject, but peculiarly able to give it fresh, interesting, and complete in a series of lectures. He wisely ignores the formal and chronological method, and takes each branch or department by itself—the military history, the diplomatic history, the congressional history, etc., each forming the theme of a distinct and elaborate discourse.

Our object in referring to this course of lectures is to suggest their delivery in this city. It is too evident that we need, here and now, to have our pride and principle, as American citizens, renewed; levity, impatience, and treason itself too often breathe from the lips of the timid or reckless, while those of the loyal, who are destitute of moral courage, exhibit a faint heart or a compromising spirit. Now we can imagine no better tonic for these social maladies than the lessons of history; and especially those of the American Revolution ably enforced; while all intelligent citizens would find therein an intellectual treat and moral encouragement in the present crisis.—*N. Y. Evening Post, 26 Jan.*



## THE RED SEA CANAL—DISCOVERY OF ANTIQUITIES NEAR ALEXANDRIA.

A PRIVATE letter from Alexandria, in Egypt, which has been put into our hands, gives the view taken by an intelligent American of the practicability and importance of the great enterprise, now auspiciously begun, of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez. We copy a passage or two relating to that subject, and also to certain antiquities lately discovered in the vicinity of Alexandria:—

"I have lately returned from the works on the Suez Canal. It is, as President Lincoln says, 'a big job;' but it is certain to succeed, and it will bring back the trade of the world near the channel from which it was diverted by the discovery of the passage of Good Hope. A volume would be necessary to describe what I saw. All the eminent living engineers who have examined the work are unanimous in favor of its practicability. A vast amount of work has been done. The company has surmounted the political and intriguing opposition of England, which hindered them a long time; it has built scores of miles of fresh water canals to serve Nile water to laborers and irrigate and fertilize their lands; it has built its foundries, workshops, storehouses and dwellings at different stations; it has built up towns along the route; it has finished a canal half-way across the isthmus, and next year it will complete a canal large enough to transport all the coal which the steamship companies have now to carry at so great an expense around the Cape of Good Hope, or by rail across Egypt to Suez. After this preliminary canal, the larger canal for ships will be finished in three or four years. The objections to the practicability of a harbor on the Mediterranean, and as to the encroachment of sand on the channel, are, in the judgment of engineers, pure fudge. Nor does there seem any embarrassment in regard to money. The Viceroy, who is probably the richest sovereign in the world, is its strongest supporter, and will not, in my opinion, permit the enterprise to fail. The estimated cost for the entire work is \$40,000,000.

"They have just been laying what is called an American railway between here and Ramleh, a seaside suburb of the city. The excavations have disinterred a large quantity of remains of the era of the Ptolemies and the Romans; massive substructions of brick and stone, long and well-preserved Roman granite blocks, like the Russ pavement, marble and granite pillars, mutilated busts and statues, big water pipes in good order, a foot and a half in diameter, etc. The extent of

the old city's rubbish is vast. I can well believe Pliny, who says that the circumference of Alexandria was fifteen miles, including a population of over 600,000. The Saracen captain who burned the big library said he could not describe its richness and beauty, that it had four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, and four hundred theatres and places of amusement. Even the Romans only placed it second to their great capital, the eternal city.

"About two years since an underground chapel of the second or third century was found here, hewn from solid rock. It was evidently designed for secret funeral service. It has a passage with a row of catacombs on each side. There was a well covered with a stone. At one end of the chapel, opposite catacomb passage, the wall was scooped, and a stone bench was cut out, evidently for the priest, behind whom was painted, in rude Byzantine style, a picture of the Lord's Supper. On other parts of the wall were full-length portraits of the apostles and prophets, and over all the paintings were crabbed Greek inscriptions, mentioning the subjects. In one place, I observed, it was a passage from the Evangelists. The Arab stone-hewers who discovered the chapel were about breaking it up for building materials, when the Russian consul-general, as the representative of the Greek Church, interfered and saved it, though considerably damaged. In fact they have almost obliterated the features of the portraits. This chapel, which has been opened since the guide-books were published, is not generally known by travelers. It is in the same hill on which stands Pompey's Pillar."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## THE POPE AND ITALY.

A NUMBER of diplomatic documents relating to Italy have been published in France. It appears that M. Pasolini, when pressed on the subject of Rome, *did* reply that the Italian Government would not re-open negotiations, as the French Government seemed by its last resolution to leave them no hope of a satisfactory arrangement. He added, however, that Italy intended to remain "hand in hand" with France. It also appears that the British ministry during the Christmas *fêtes* strongly pressed the Pope to leave Rome, and even offered him, as an asylum, the Governor's Palace in Malta. They expressed, moreover, through Mr. Odo Russell, their belief that the Pope might speedily be obliged to regret that he had not accepted the offer. It was a curious



one to emanate from a strictly Protestant Government which only last Session explained that it had not interfered because the matter concerned rather the Catholic than the Protestant world. Of course, the Pope, if he chooses, may reside anywhere within the British dominions; but we should imagine that at Malta, a military station crowded with bigoted Maltese, and still more bigoted Irish soldiery, he would be a decided and very dangerous nuisance. Gibraltar would be a much better residence, as, in the event of too much trouble, we might hand him, and the rock, and the "lizards," all over together to Spain.—*Spectator*, 17 Jan.

THE Revolutionary Committee in Rome has issued a very able new year's proclamation to the Romans on the promised Papal reforms. It expresses Roman gratitude both to the power which gives and to the power which has solicited these reforms, with considerable force: "Romans,—an overwhelming foreign force has added yet another year to the history of your servitude, to the lamentable series of your misfortunes. But, as a solace to your sorrows, pretended administrative reforms are promised you—that is to say, the partial and ephemeral carrying into effect of a new law promulgated at Gaeta as far back as 1850, a modification of the postal regulations, and a slight change in the administration of the lottery. This is what the generous Government of France has obtained from the Pontiff and the Holy College after thirteen years of military occupation; this is what the Pontiff and the Holy College have been able to concede to the generous Government of France in requital of its maintenance of the temporal power in Rome against the will of the Romans. Romans, you should be equally grateful to him who obtains and to him who gives to you such a benefit."—*Spectator*, 17 Jan.

#### HOLY SEPULCHRE.

"FRANCE, Russia, and the Porte have agreed to an arrangement which will be ap-

plauded by all Christendom." The state of the dome of the Holy Sepulchre, threatening to tumble about the heads of the pilgrims, awakened contemporaneously "the solicitude" of the French and Russian Emperors' Governments. The two Cabinets agreed to ask the consent of the Porte to construct a new dome. The Porte entered into the holy plan with an ardor worthy almost of the Papacy, or of St. Peter himself when he outran St. John on the way to the sepulchre. It claimed the right of the territorial sovereign to participate in the expense. And so the three powers are to keep triangular watch over each other as they build the roof of the empty sepulchre; and the Christian powers try with the aid of the Turk, to find a new verification of the prophecy that the Cross came to produce, not peace on earth, but a sword.

#### DAVIS vs. NEGROES.

A SIGN of the times is a proclamation issued by Mr. Davis on 23d Dec., in which he decreed that "all negro slaves captured in arms shall be at once delivered over to the States to which they belong," and that the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all officers found serving in company with slaves. By the State laws all slaves in insurrection are liable to death, as are all white men aiding them, and the *Index*, the organ of the South in London, thus interprets the decree: "It is not to be imagined that a regiment of negroes would, when captured, be put to the sword. The officers would probably be hanged with as little ceremony as our Indian heroes showed towards the captured accomplices of Nana Sahib; a few of the men would likewise be hanged as an example to the rest; the majority would simply return to the condition from which they were taken, and in which, till evil advisers came among them, they were happy." In the same decree Mr. Davis sentences General Butler to be hanged for executing Mr. Mumford—who had, three days before his entry, pulled down a Federal flag—and all officers serving under his command, for no reason at all.—*Spectator*, 17 Jan.

## TREASON'S LAST DEVICE.

"Who deserves greatness,  
Deserves your hate.  
You common cry of curs, whose breath I loathe  
As reek o' the rotten fens."

—*Coriolanus.*

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark."

—*Nursery Rhyme.*

Sons of New England, in the fray,  
Do you hear the clamor behind your back?  
Do you hear the yelping of Blanche and Tray,  
Sweetheart and all the mongrel pack?  
Girded well with her ocean crags,  
Little our mother heeds their noise;  
Her eyes are fixed on crimson flags:  
But you—do you hear it, Yankee boys?

Do you hear them say that the patriot fire  
Burns on her altars too pure and bright,  
To the darkened heavens leaping higher,  
Though drenched with the blood of every  
fight;  
That in the light of its searching flame  
Treason and tyrants stand revealed,  
And the yielding craven is put to shame,  
On capitol floor or foughten field?

Do you hear the hissing voice which saith  
That she—who bore through all the land  
The lyre of Freedom, the torch of Faith,  
And young Invention's mystic wand—  
Should gather her skirts and dwell apart,  
With not one of her sisters to share her fate:  
A Hagar, wandering sick at heart;  
A Pariah, bearing the nation's hate?

Sons, who have peopled the gorgeous West,  
And planted the Pilgrim vine anew,  
Where, by a richer soil caress'd,  
It grows as ever its parent grew,  
Say, do you hear—while the very bells  
Of your churches ring with her ancient voice,  
And the song of your children sweetly tells  
How true was the land of your fathers'  
choice;—

Do you hear the traitors who bid you speak  
The word that shall sever the sacred tie?  
And ye, who dwell by the golden Peak,  
Has the subtle whisper glided by?  
Has it crossed the immemorial plains,  
To coasts where the gray Pacific roars,  
And the Pilgrim blood in the people's veins  
Is pure as the wealth of their mountain ores?

Spirits of sons who, side by side,  
In a hundred battles fought and fell,  
Whom now no East and West divide,  
In the isles where the shades of heroes dwell;  
Say, has it reached your glorious rest,  
And ruffled the calm which crowns you there—  
The shame that recreants have confest,  
The plot that floats in the troubled air?

Sons of New England, here and there,  
Wherever men are still holding by

The honor our fathers left so fair,—  
Say, do you hear the cowards' cry?  
Crouching amongst her grand old crags,  
Lightly our mother heeds their noise,  
With her fond eyes fixed on distant flags;  
But you—do you hear it, Yankee boys?

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Washington, Jan. 19, 1863.

—*Tribune.*

## THE REVEILLE.

In the course of the late patriotic lecture by T. Starr King, he recited the following stanzas written, and not before published, by F. B. Hart of San Francisco:—

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,  
And of armèd men the hum;  
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered  
Round the quick alarming drum—  
Saying "Come,  
Freemen, come!

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick  
alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;  
War is not of Life the sum;  
Who shall stay and reap the harvest  
When the autumn days shall come?  
But the drum  
Echoed "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the  
solemn sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,  
What of profit springs therefrom!  
What if conquest—subjugation—  
Even greater ills become?

But the drum  
Answered "Come,  
You must do the sum to prove it!" said the  
Yankee answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,  
Whistling shot and bursting bomb—  
When my brothers fall around me,  
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum  
Answered "Come,  
Better there in death united, than in life a reo-  
nant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,  
Some in faith, and doubting some,  
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,  
Said, "My chosen people, come!"  
Then the drum,  
Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, an-  
swered, "Lord, we come!"

## THE COACHMAN OF THE "SKYLARK."

[In the good old times, before railways were known, the "Skylark," on the ——— and ——— road, was the fastest coach, and its driver, Joseph ———, the best and smartest coachman in England. The "Skylark" has long ago gone the way of all coaches; and Joe is now landlord of the "Horns," at ———, where long may he flourish!]

*Air*—"Four High-mettled Steeds."

YE passengers so bothered,  
Who snore in rattling trains,  
By dusty vapor smothered,  
Awake, and hear my strains!  
I'll tell you of the good old days,  
Forever past and gone,  
Before your pestilent railways  
Had spoiled all sorts of fun,—  
When Joe, with light but steady hand,  
Did four high-mettled steeds command,  
And well was known, through all the land,  
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

Can any greasy stoker  
With dashing Joe compare?  
He was a jovial joker,  
And company most rare.  
Then wind and weather we defied,  
We scorned your well-glazed car,  
And gladly on the box would ride,  
To smoke a mild cigar  
With Joe, whose light but steady hand  
Did four high-mettled steeds command;—  
Oh! well was known, through all the land,  
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

Where your long, dismal tunnel  
Gropes through yon lofty hill  
(A pitch-dark, noisome funnel,  
That might Old Harry kill),  
We, on the "Skylark" used to glide  
Up from the smiling vale,  
And on the mountain's heathy side  
The freshening breeze inhale,  
While Joe, with light but steady hand,  
Did four high-mettled steeds command;—  
Oh! well was known, through all the land,  
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

Where yon embankment ugly  
Has marred the pleasant scene,  
A little inn stood snugly  
Beside the village green:  
'Twas there the "Skylark" stopped to dine,  
And famous was the cheer;  
Good were the victuals, old the wine,  
And strong the foaming beer  
For Joe, whose light but steady hand  
Did four high-mettled steeds command;—  
Oh! well was known, through all the land,  
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

And one dwelt in that valley  
Would make a desert shine:  
The sparkling eyes of Sally  
Eclipsed her father's wine.  
Oh! where's the flinty heart that could  
Withstand that lovely lass,  
As smiling at the bar she stood,  
And filled a parting glass

For Joe, whose light but steady hand—  
Did four high-mettled steeds command;  
Oh! well was known, through all the land,  
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

Those days are gone forever—  
The "Skylark" is no more;  
And poor old Joe shall never  
More drive his coach-and-four.  
Then let us to the "Horns" repair,  
And, with a flowing bowl,  
Let's strive to banish grief and care,  
And cheer the good old soul  
Of Joe, whose light but steady hand  
Did once four mettled steeds command,  
When well was known, through all the land,  
The Coachman of the "Skylark."

W. J. M. R.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE ENGINE-DRIVER TO HIS ENGINE.

*Air*—"The Iron Horse."

Put forth your force, my iron horse, with limbs  
that never tire!  
The best of oil shall feed your joints, and the  
best of coal your fire;  
So off we tear from Euston Square, to beat the  
swift south wind,  
As we rattle along the North-West rail, with the  
special train behind:—

Dash along, crash along, sixty miles an hour!  
Right through old England flee!  
For I am bound to see my love,  
Far away in the North Country.

Like a train of ghosts the telegraph posts go  
wildly trooping by,  
While one by one the milestones run, and off  
behind us fly:  
Like foaming wine it fires my blood to see your  
lightning speed,—  
Arabia's race ne'er matched your pace, my gal-  
lant steam-borne steed!

Wheel along, squeal along, sixty miles an hour!  
Right through old England flee;  
For I am bound to see my love,  
Far away in the North Country.

My blessing on old George Stephenson! let his  
fame forever last!  
For he was the man that found the plan to make  
you run so fast:  
His arm was strong, his head was long, he knew  
not guile nor fear;  
When I think of him, it makes me proud that  
I am an engineer!

Tear along, flare along, sixty miles an hour!  
Right through old England flee!  
For I am bound to see my love,  
Far away in the North Country.

Now Thames and Trent are far behind, and  
evening's shades are come;  
Before my eyes the brown hills rise that guard  
my true-love's home.

Even now she stands, my own dear lass ! beside  
the cottage door,  
And she listens for the whistle shrill, and the  
blast-pipe's rattling roar :—

Roll along, bowl along, sixty miles an hour !  
Right through old England flee !  
For I am bound to see my love,  
At home in the North Countrie.

W. J. M. R.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## THE LADY AND THE KNIGHT.

## THE LADY.

As notes in the sky,  
See the birds fly !  
Where is the bird will fly higher ?  
Here on my wrist,  
As I hope to be kissed,  
Is the tercel that never will tire !

See his bold brown eye !  
Ting-a-ling ! let him fly !  
Sir Knight, lo ! while I am speaking,  
He is over them all,  
He is king of them all :  
He flutters and scatters them shrieking.

Sir Knight, every man  
Will do what he can :  
Of two brave ones, my glove to the stronger !  
Wert thou foremost to-day,  
Only fail in one fray,  
I am his, and not thine any longer !

## THE KNIGHT.

As we dash to the prize,  
The flash of fair eyes  
Beholding, may yield us a thrill ;  
But, ladies, 'tis true,  
Not from you, nor for you,  
Is man's courage to die or to kill.

Ye are seated around  
The tourneying-ground,  
And we bow as our lances we level ;  
But, when horse meets horse,  
Oh, the teeth-setting force  
Is some frenzy from God or the devil !

Hurrah for the wars !  
'Tis the red god Mars  
That stirs to the mood superhuman ;  
In the soul of a man  
That will do all he can  
Must be more than the love of a woman !  
—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## THE LONG-AGO.

On that deep-retiring shore  
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,  
Where the passion-waves of yore,  
Fiercely beat and mounted high :

Sorrows that are sorrows still  
Lose the bitter taste of woe ;  
Nothing's altogether ill  
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,  
Ghastly tenements of tears,  
Wear the look of happy shrines  
Through the golden mist of years ;  
Death, to those who trust in good,  
Vindicates his hardest blow,  
Oh ! we would not, if we could,  
Wake the sleep of Long-ago !

Though the doom of swift decay  
Shocks the soul where life is strong,  
Though for frailer hearts the day  
Lingers sad and overlong—  
Still the weight will find a leaven,  
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,  
While the future has its haven,  
And the past its Long-ago.

## THE WINTER'S MORN.

ARTIST unseen ! that, dipped in frozen dew,  
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,  
Ere from yon sun their transient visions fade,  
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew !  
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,  
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,  
And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,  
That liquid pearl distil ; thy scenes renew,  
Whate'er old bards or later fictions feign,  
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,  
Where nereids roof with spars the amber cave ;  
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,  
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer  
seen,  
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.

## A STORM IN THE COUNTRY.

## So we

Cosily nestled in the library,  
Enjoyed each other and the warmth of home.  
Each window was a picture of the rain :  
Blown by the wind, tormented, wet and gray,  
Losing itself in cloud the landscape lay ;  
Or wavered, blurred, behind the streaming pane ;  
Or, with a sudden struggle, shook away  
Its load, and like a foundering ship arose  
Distinct and dark above the driving spray,  
Until a fiercer onset came, to close  
The hopeless day. The roses writhed about  
Their stakes, the tall laburnums to and fro  
Rocked in the gusts, the flowers were beaten low,  
And from his pigmy house the wren looked out  
With dripping bill : each living creature fled  
To seek some sheltering cover for its head :  
Yet colder, drearier, wilder as it blew,  
We drew the closer, and the happier grew.

BAYARD TAYLOR.